60 CENTS
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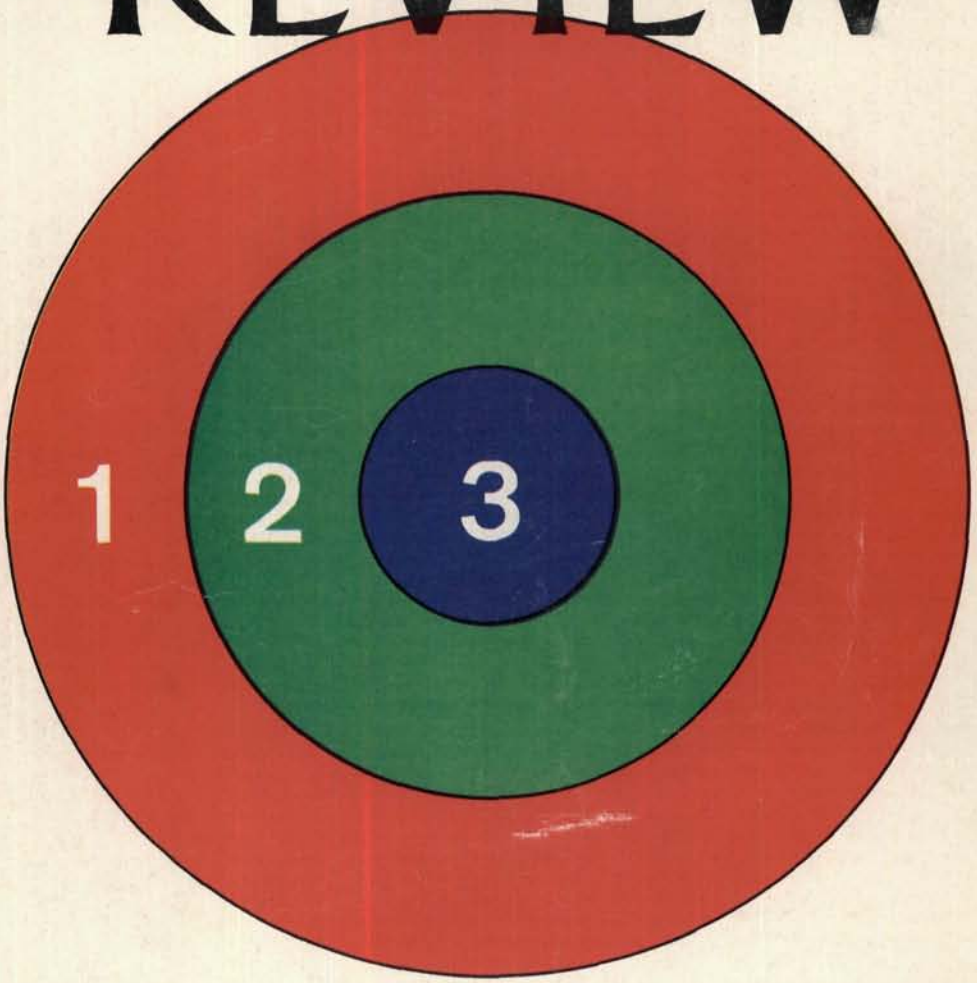
MARCH 11, 1969

Last Chance to Become Prophet of the Year
—SEE PAGE 231

NATIONAL REVIEW



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1. Did the United States destroy the American Indian? No, says John Greenway, but it should have.

2. I am a modern layman, says John Brennan, and what disgruntles me when I look at my Church is the goddam Catholic modernists.

3. Have you read the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty, asks Wm. Henry Chamberlin? Are the Commies doing their thing?

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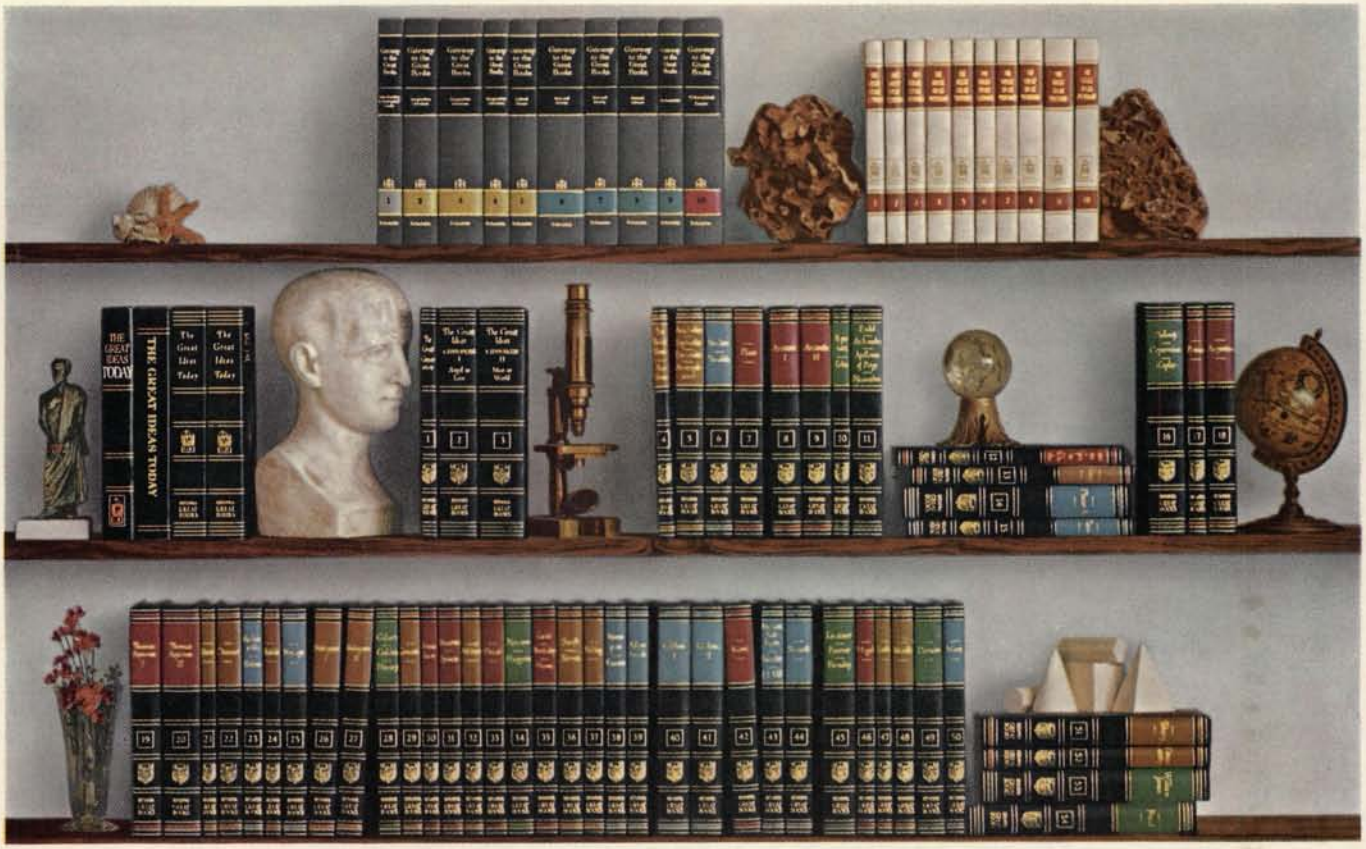

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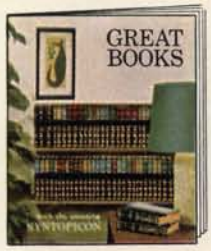

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They'd be talking about the magnificent new Flatiron Building ("Don't you get dizzy 20 stories up?"). Enoch the Fish Man, who played his trombone solo under water. Jim Europe, Negro bandleader who sired big-band "jass." Flickering flicks and galloping tintypes. Poet Harry Kemp, who made headlines by appearing on the street without a hat (in Greenwich Village, naturally), and again without a tie. Early ad slogans: "Four Out of Five Have It" . . . "Spring! For everyone else but her" . . . "A Sensible Cigarette" . . . "Even Your Best Friends Won't Tell You."

The Things That Made the Twenties Roar

The Fatty Arbuckle trials. The comic-strip revolution. "Brevity is the soul of lingerie." The Golden Age of Sports: Big Bill, Rock, Bobby Jones, Dempsey and Firpo and Tunney, the Four Horsemen, Red Grange, the Babe. Valentino, flaming youth, and the Hottest Jazz Baby in Films, Lucky Lindy: even Jimmy Walker was on time to welcome *him*.

And more! The market goes crazy. "Go cook a radish." Mayor Big Bill Thompson finds a man he can run against, and beat: the King of England. The Black Age of Crime: Hall-Mills, Legs Diamond, Johnny Torrio, Snyder-Gray, Dion O'Banion, Leopold and Loeb, Big Frenchy DeMange, Bugs Moran, Hymie Weiss (every day, without fail, he went to church to light a candle), Dutch Schultz, and the Big Guy himself.

The Era of Wonderful Nonsense. Peaches and Daddy Browning. Shipwreck Kelly, the Luckiest Fool Alive: he wooed a redhead from atop his flagpole, climbed down to marry her. The Rocking-Chair Derby. How crooning was born. C. C. Pyle and his transcontinental walking race, the Bunion Derby.

Idols of the Airwaves and the Silver Screen

Dietrich. Chaplin. Menjou. The Happiness Boys. The Gold Dust Twins. Nita Naldi. Phil Baker. Mabel Normand. Ray Eberly. Young Widder Brown. William Desmond Taylor. Professor Quiz. The Boswell Sisters. John Charles Thomas ("Goodnight, Mother."). Will Rogers. Jessica Dragonnette. Ruth Etting. Milton Cross. Russ Columbo. Myrt and Marge. Gloria Swanson. Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable. Harlow. Eddie Cantor. Jean Goldkette. Walter O'Keefe. William Powell and Carole Lombard. The Andrews Sisters.

The list goes on and on. The Street Singer. Garbo. Barrymore. Fred Allen. Harry Richman. Moran and Mack. Jimmy Fidler. Uncle Don. The Mills Brothers. Ben Bernie (did he and Winchell *really* hate each other?). Just Plain Bill. Annette Henshaw. The Red-Headed Music Maker. Singin' Sam. King Kong. Whiteman. Bing. Hundreds more!

"Vas you dere, Sharlie?" If you vas, it's too precious to let any of it get away. Right now, mail the coupon for your copy of *Remember When*. It's the berries.

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We have no Solutions. All we can do is take you back to a saner, better world. And that's no bunk, lounge lizard.

Remember when you froze on line outside the Paramount (35¢ before 12 noon) to catch Benny, when he had Gene and Harry and Lionel in the band?

Remember those dreamy boys at the USO, just in from Iwo Jima, and how hard it was to recall what all the service ribbons stood for?

Did that big bozo at the peephole ever let you in the mahogany door so you could put away a little giggle water? ("Just off the boat — you can still smell the salt water.")

There was Mae West (some bimbo!) murmuring, "When I'm good, I'm very good; but when I'm bad, I'm better." Dizzy Dean and brother Daffy. Knickers. Tea in tin boxes. Dance marathons. Betty Furness on early TV struggling with the vacuum cleaner. Hollywood stars under the lids of dixie cups. "$30 Every Thursday": Senator Downey and his Ham-and-Eggs Crusade. S.A. "It."

Calm your fears — we wouldn't dream of forgetting Wee Bonnie Baker. Babe Didrickson. Bank night. Judge Crater. Starr Faithful. Fibber McGee's closet. Slim and Slam. Goldfish swallowing. Ella Mae Morse. Busby Berkeley. Zoot suits. Miniature golf. Jigsaw puzzles. Fats Waller. Singing song titles. The Ritz Brothers. Two-Ton Tony Galento. "Beat Me, Daddy, Eight to the Bar." Mark Hellinger. Scott Fitzgerald. Aimee Semple McPherson. Sam Goldwyn. The Trylon and the Perisphere. Listening to the radio ("C'mon, Mom, Joe Penner is on").

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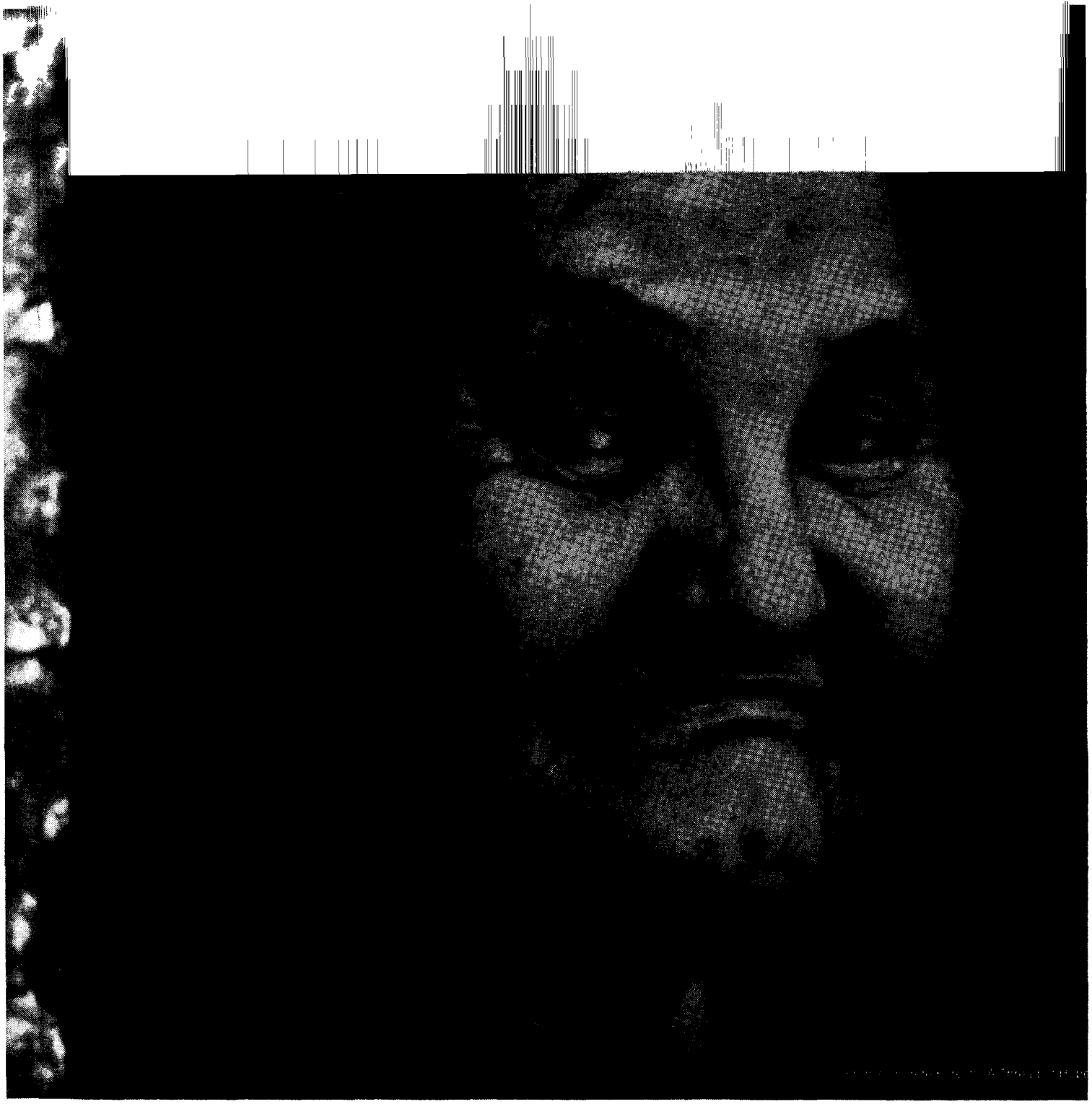

UNDER TODAY'S HEADLINE THERE'S A THREAD OF HOPE

One of its names is "Some Day."
The ever present,
never ending promise.
It starts in the green-
blue of earliest dawn.
Suddenly all of us are
in it, and it becomes
today.
With tasks.
With troubles.
With joys.
Old stories ended.
New stories begun. Words
about men hunting men.
About a people
in Africa starving.
Some say, "Let them."
Others, "Save them."
Somewhere freedom is lost.
Elsewhere, a man or
a nation steps toward it.
Every man
in his own day, sees
the world's day, too.
In print.
Our job it to erase
today's history.
To get ready for
"Some Day."
We make paper out of
paper.
Cleanse it of the
world's woes,
of the city burning,
and of the
Major League standings.
The ink,
the clay, the resins,
the binders
are washed away.
Left is the thread,
as clean, as new and even
more useful than when it
first came from the
trunk of a forest giant.
These threads
and fibers
were yesterday's headlines
and those of the
day before.
Now they are refined,
and refined again.
Freed of flaw.
Tamed.
Tractable.
Renewed.
They might, instead,
have been wasted
to symbolize a life
damaged or destroyed.
Or a worthy cause
made meaningless.
So can the thread and
fiber be lost.
But they can serve again
as part of the
thread of hope.
Fibers, lives,
causes and dreams.
All can be washed,
made whole again.
For "Some Day."
Bergstrom Papers,
Neenah, Wisconsin

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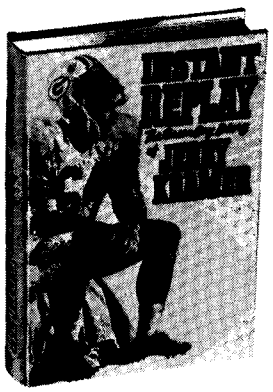

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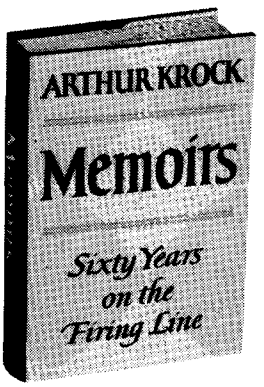

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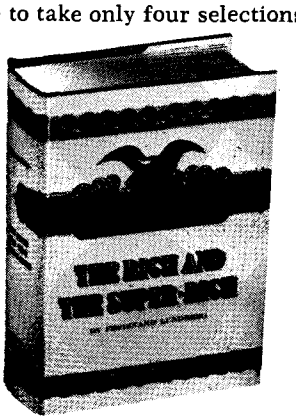

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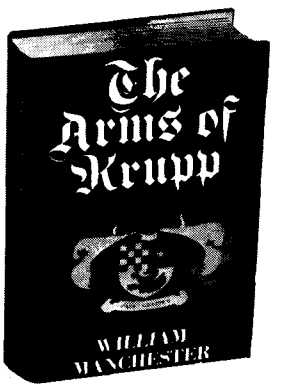

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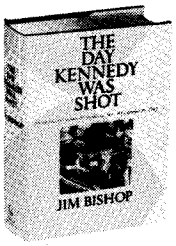

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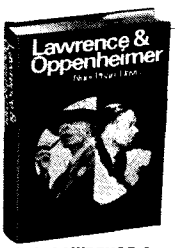

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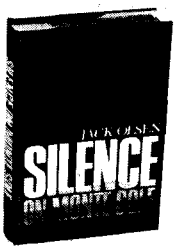

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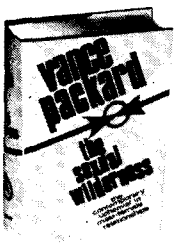

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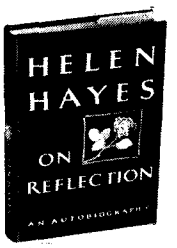

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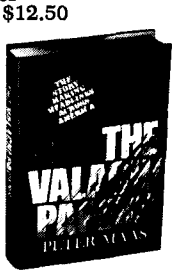

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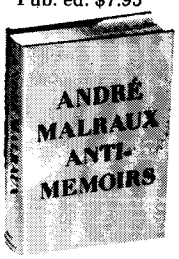

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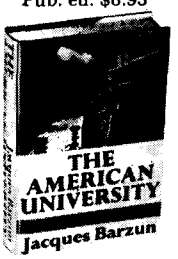

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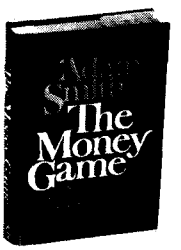

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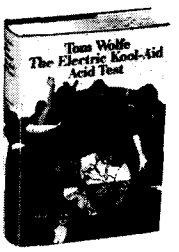

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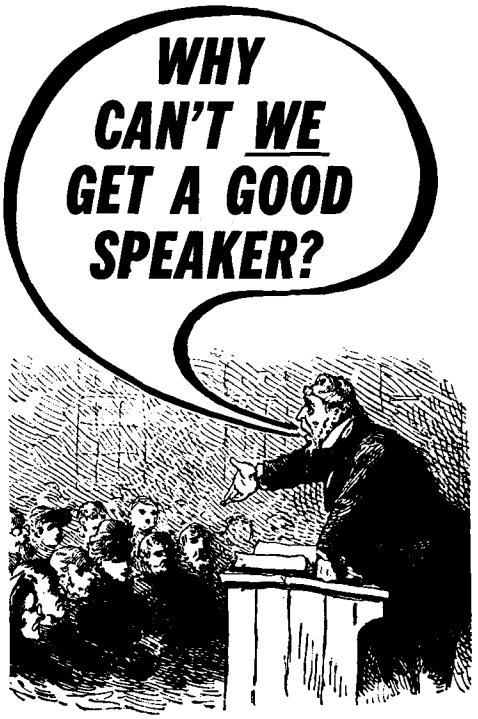

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C. Dickerman Williams on Leonard W. Levy's *Origins of the Fifth Amendment* ☐ The Daniel Walker Summary and the full Report on the Chicago Riots, reviewed by Jean Jeffries ☐ Jared C. Lobdell on Dink Stover ☐ William F. Rickenbacker on Alicia de Larrocha ☐ And Harlem at the Met, reviewed by Philip P. Ardery

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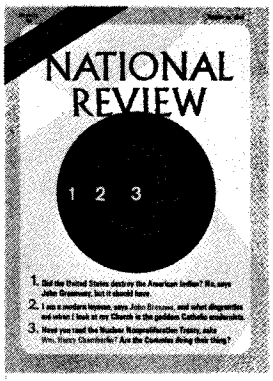
IN THIS ISSUE

■ Students of anthropology know **John Greenway** as one of the leading authors, educators and lecturers in his field, and as the editor (from 1963 to 1968) of the *Journal of American Folklore*. His published works include textbooks, anthologies and scores of scholarly and informal articles and reviews. To lovers of folk music he is known also for his classic text, *American Folksongs of Protest,* and for numerous recorded performances as a folksinger. His essay-review, "Will the Indians Get Whitey?" represents his first appearance in *NR* and thereby hangs the following personal note (we quote from the letter Professor Greenway sent us along with his manuscript): "Although I have been called by Soviet scholars the 'most progressive' of American folklorists, I have for the last dozen years been moving from a liberal position to one rather well on the Right. As a person and an anthropologist, I am infuriated by the bloody nonsense issued by my former liberal friends on all matters, national and international, as represented in microcosm by this business of our 'mistreatment of the Indians.' The enclosed submission represents a formal break with any notions other people have of me as a liberal." . . . The Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty is a bad business, concludes **William Henry Chamberlin**. Mr. Chamberlin is an editorial contributor to the *Wall Street Journal* of many years' standing and the author of *Appeasement: Road to War* and *The Evolution of a Conservative*. . . . **John Brennan**, who was educated by Jesuits, is a student counsellor in the Boston public schools. . . . **James Burnham**, in The Open Question, takes up Kenneth Melvin's piece, "Big Brother Is Dead, Too" (*NR*, Feb. 11) and Frank Meyer's reply (*NR*, Feb. 25) . . . . **Colm Brogan** writes from London and **Alec Waugh**, from Bangkok.



■ **C. Dickerman Williams** of Baker, Nelson, Williams & Mitchell prosecutes a new book about the Fifth. . . . There's the Walker Report (so-called) and then there's the Walker Summary —two things different and entire and both reviewed by **Jean Jeffries**. Miss Jeffries wrote "Why Vietnam is Kennedy's War" in our April 23, 1968 issue. . . . **Jared C. Lobdell**, rare book collector, hails the return of Dink Stover. . . . **William F. Rickenbacker**, himself a pianist, is enthralled by the playing of Alicia de Larrocha. . . . **Philip P. Ardery Jr.**, of the *NR* staff, checks in at the Metropolitan Museum's now notorious "Harlem on My Mind."

■ Last chance to enter the Prophet of the Year contest! See page 233 for details.

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LETTERS

The Intimidated Humanists

Sir Arnold Lunn's stunning argument against the materialist ("The Intimidated Christians," *NR*, Dec. 31) is unconvincing for two reasons. First, materialism does not necessarily imply causation. If Sir Arnold is going to argue cosmology he should look into the work done in quantum physics in the last few decades. One cause can have any of two or more different effects under some circumstances. The universe is more complex than the early causalists imagined but there is, still, no reason to turn to mysticism to explain it. Secondly, even if one did choose to assume that causality was implied by belief in materialism, the argument that free will cannot, then, exist is one of mere abstraction. It matters little to a man, when he makes a decision, that the decision he makes may have been decided with the beginning of the universe. He does not know what decision he will make, nor does anybody else. As far as he or anyone else is concerned his decision has stemmed from his own free will.

I am sorry that Sir Arnold chose to associate his, in fact, irrational defense of spiritualism against materialism with the completely different philosophical dispute between Communism and capitalism. The Communists have chosen atheism as the state religion as one of a number of possible means of subjugating the minds of the Soviet people. Look at the also dogmatic-religious basis of the Communist experiments in the United States in the nineteenth century. The fact that people like Sir Arnold have chosen to equate materialism with Communism and often irrational mysticism with capitalism has caused many thinking people to turn towards Communism or at least modern liberalism. The rightful place for philosophical capitalism is with materialism. It is only with materialism that the philosophy of capitalism becomes logical and consistent and only under a government which recognizes the philosophical basis of capitalism can freedom be insured.

USAF Academy, Colo. CARL P. SCHOEN

I challenge Sir Arnold Lunn's implications and allegations in "The Intimidated Christians." One mistake strewn throughout the piece was Sir Arnold's lumping together of atheists, agnostics, humanists, materialists and Marxists, and his constant use of them interchangeably. To start with, he treats humanism as a part ("guise") of atheism. Yet there are agnostics who are humanists, and they are a different breed, despite the fact that Sir Arnold lapses

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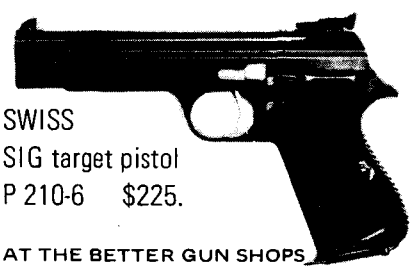

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into a paragraph about "Huxley and other high-minded agnostics" a little over halfway through the article.

Troy, Kans. STEVEN GREGG GOSS

Sir Arnold suggests a reluctance of materialistic humanists to discuss their basic beliefs. He may be remembering a time when to do so brought swift physical—materialistic, if you will—punishment; a punishment meted out to heretics by Sir Arnold's Christian partners. In these more tolerant times it is difficult to *dissuade* humanists from discussing their beliefs.

To state that materialism and its emphasis on physical processes implies predestination, predictability and loss of "free will" is to misunderstand physical forces. Physical forces are not the simple things that Sir Arnold would like them to be. In physics the "Many Body" problem is too complex to handle easily. And the lone, materialistic electron often behaves as though it were in many places at once! The physical processes of the human being are too multifarious to admit to a ready predictability.

Sir Arnold's citing the adoption of atheism by Marxist countries and his consequently condemning atheism is a sad failing of logic. After all, totalitarian countries have also adopted Christianity as the state philosophy. Are we then, logically, also to condemn Christianity?

Berea, Ohio R. D. SOMMERS

A Reply

The criticisms of my article provide striking evidence in support of Chesterton's dictum that to be a good controversialist you must be a good listener. You must, in other words, *listen* to discover what has been said or written instead of criticizing what you vaguely feel your opponent really meant.

Mr. Schoen, for instance, accuses me of associating the "defense of spiritualism against materialism with the completely different philosophical dispute between Communism and capitalism." I am not, and never have been, a spiritualist. I referred to certain phenomena such as extrasensory perception which raise difficulties for the materialist, but explicitly stated that one could accept the reality of these phenomena without accepting spiritualism.

The theme of my article was the conflict between Christianity and materialism. It is grotesque to imply that I was writing in defense of capitalism. To accuse me of equating "irrational mysticism with capitalism" is not merely bad listening but alarming evidence that what Mr. Schoen needs is an ear trumpet.

Mr. Goss complains of my "lumping together of atheists, agnostics, humanists, materialists, and Marxists." On the contrary, because some Christians believe in the economic case for Communism, I was careful to write of "Marxist Communism" when I was referring to those who are both Communists and atheists, the word "Marxist" being dropped in a passing reference to the failure of Communism to raise the standard of living of the proletariat.

The dominant ethos of humanism is the rejection of the supernatural. Agnostic humanists are as uncharacteristic of humanism as modernist Christians of Christianity. As the word "humanism" to describe camouflaged atheists was unknown in Huxley's day, my reference, quoted by Mr. Goss, to "Huxley and other high-minded agnostics" has no relevance to the question as to whether humanism is or is not a new variety of atheism.

Materialism is defined in *The Concise Oxford Dictionary* as the "opinion that nothing exists but matter and its movements and modifications; also, that consciousness and will are wholly due to material agency." From which it follows that a materialist cannot, if consistent, believe in free will. Mr. Schoen, however, maintains that "materialism does not necessarily imply causation" because "one cause can have any of two or more different effects under some circumstances." Has this "cause" then free will? Is the fact that man with his limited intelligence cannot always predict which of two or more effects a cause might have, relevant to the issue? And what conceivable relevance to the impossibility of reconciling free will and materialism is the fact that "an electron often behaves as though it were in many places at once"?

Mr. Sommers contrasts the centuries when heretics were persecuted by those whom he describes as my "Christian partners" with "these more tolerant times." Mr. Sommers must have led a very sheltered life, sheltered not only from persecution but from any real understanding of incomparably the worst century for persecution that the world has ever known. "In these more tolerant times" incomparably more people have been put to death for their political heresies or their racial backgrounds under the dictators Stalin and Hitler in comparatively few years than religious heretics in the centuries when Protestants were put to death by Catholics and Catholics by Protestants.

In a forthcoming book by Garth Lean and myself, probably to be published under the title *Christian Counterattack*, we give reasons for believing that Stalin put to death twenty million victims. Again, it was in Russia which had imposed atheism as its state philosophy, that the systematic persecution of scientists for their scientific views was organized under Stalin. No scientist has been executed for his scientific views in Christendom. "Galileo," wrote Professor Whitehead, a distinguished non-Catholic scientist, "suffered an honorable detention and a mild reproof before dying peacefully in his bed."

"It is difficult to *dissuade* humanists," writes Mr. Sommers, "from discussing

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their beliefs." I only wish this were true. Recently a letter written on behalf of the British Humanist Association to the *Tablet*, the leading Catholic weekly in England expressed the desire of "Humanists" for dialogue with Catholics. I immediately wrote to Sir Julian Huxley, a leading "Humanist," and pointed out that a book consisting of an exchange of controversial letters between the present writer and the late Professor J. B. S. Haldane, one of England's most distinguished scientists and a dogmatic atheist, had been accepted as the Catholic Book of the Month in America, and that we Catholics welcomed controversy with atheists. I asked if atheistic "Humanists" were equally confident that they could defend their beliefs against a competent opponent.

Sir Julian was too busy, and so far the British Humanist Association has failed to produce a leading "Humanist" who is prepared to accept my challenge. I therefore issue through the NATIONAL REVIEW a challenge to the American Humanist Association, if there be such a body, to nominate a "Humanist" to defend atheism in a series of letters for possible publication.

Mürren, Switzerland ARNOLD LUNN

Hemingway and Fitzgerald

Jeffrey Hart ["The Difficult Friend," Jan. 14] might have pushed back the date of the start of the Hemingway-Fitzgerald literary sparring to 1926. Although Harold Loeb is usually considered the model for Robert Cohn in *The Sun Also Rises*, it is possible, as one of my students has helped me to see, that Hemingway was also thinking of Fitzgerald.

Like Fitzgerald, Cohn is a Princeton graduate, an "older" writer (as Hemingway called Fitzgerald) who had published a weak but successful first novel (*This Side of Paradise?*) but was having trouble with his second (*The Beautiful and Damned?*). Cohn and Fitzgerald have little tolerance for alcohol (Cohn passes out at Pamplona), dislike France, and are acutely sensitive to passing time. Brett Ashley's low estimate of Cohn as a lover might owe something to Fitzgerald's doubts concerning his own sexual prowess. Cohn's jealous and possessive mistress, Frances Clyne, resembles Zelda Fitzgerald, who, Hemingway believed, was trying to ruin her husband's talent. Hemingway's ambivalent attitude toward Fitzgerald ("You could not be angry with Scott any more than you could be angry with someone who was crazy") suggests the opinion in *The Sun Also Rises* that Cohn is both "awful" and "damn nice."

Arlington, Va. E. D. LOWRY

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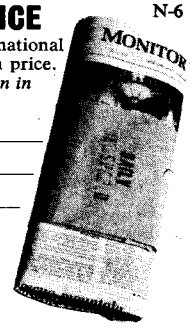

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

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FOR THE RECORD

■ About that New York mayoralty race: it gets more complicated all the time. **John Marchi**, the Republican-Conservative state senator from Staten Island, has now entered the race despite polite arm-twisting by former Nixon aide **Charles McWhorter**, a **Lindsay** fan from way back. What McWhorter and Co. fear is that a hot primary race will further tarnish hizzoner's already tarnished reputation. . . . Coming in, but as always too late, was **Nelson Rockefeller**, who publicly supported Lindsay's candidacy but failed to put personal pressure on Marchi. . . . And, if things were not confused enough already, who says he may, just may, get into race but the Rev. **Adam Clayton Powell**. . . . John Lindsay, incidentally, is the best paid mayor in America ($50 thou a year) followed by Mayors **Washington** of Washington, **Tate** of Philadelphia and **White** of Boston ($40 thou). Mayor **Alioto** of San Francisco, poor thing, makes only $38,000 a year, but could be getting out of that job: Alioto is the candidate of Democratic regulars in California to run against **Ronald Reagan** in '70. He passes party purity test which **Jesse Unruh** flunked: opposing **LBJ** on Vietnam, supporting **Robert Kennedy**, attacking **Richard Daley** and voting for **Eugene McCarthy** in Chicago.

■ Resignation of **Ray Bliss** as Republican National Committee head should not have come as surprise: It is a Presidential habit to move into key positions men of his own choice even if the incumbents are ideologically in tune. . . . Over at State, Nixon aides obviously trying to get a face-saving settlement of **Otepka** case by not returning him to his old security job, but offering him a better alternative than he could have got from **Dean Rusk**. . . . According to **Fulton Lewis III**, although **Nixon** has urged the Senate to ratify the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty he won't be unhappy if the Treaty gets amended or fails to be ratified. Sen. **Dirksen** is known to feel lukewarmedly about it and **Barry Goldwater** is heading the opposition. Signing the treaty, he says, will have a "deleterious effect on the Atlantic Alliance" (since it would ensure West Germany's and Italy's future nuclear disarmament).

■ Fighting the good fight in the Senate, new Republican Senator **Edward Gurney** (Fla.), who is doing his best to see that the Civil Liberties Legal Defense Fund (Messrs. **Spock**, **Coffin**, **Goodman**, **Ferber**—the four convictees of the Boston Five) does not get a tax exemption. Fund committee will defend draft dodgers. . . . (Gurney, incidentally, and Kansas Senator **Robert Dole** were inadvertently omitted from list of new Republican senators who voted to preserve the filibuster in recent For the Record). . . . About the dropping of **Murray Kempton**, **Jimmy Breslin** and **Jules Feiffer** from the *New York Post*. Story seems to be that Kempton and Breslin wanted out, Feiffer was ousted because his drawings have ceased to amuse. . . . And speaking of drop-outs: Dr. **Linus Pauling** has left his duties, at least temporarily, at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

■ Prague papers report serious injuries to a Mr. **V. Kadlak**, after an automobile accident which might have been caused by gunfire. Importance: Kadlak has insisted that he had evidence that **Jan Masaryk**, the last foreign minister of free Czechoslovakia, was murdered by Soviet agents. . . . Bonn denies any knowledge of the present whereabouts of **Bogdan Stashinski**, the Soviet agent who murdered **Stepan Bandera** and another Ukrainian nationalist leader in the early Sixties with a cyanide spray gun. Stashinski was released from a German prison in 1966 and according to recent rumors in the German press was then whisked to the U.S. by CIA agents. . . . A Tass story now says that the bomb that got Mozambique liberation leader **Eduardo Mondlane** a couple of weeks ago was mailed from Dusseldorf, West Germany, from which Tass concludes (Surprise!) that it was the Portuguese secret police, not Mondlane's political enemies in the liberation movement who did him in. Police on the scene are still mystified.

■ Love the *World* (ex *Worker*) which reports thusly about Cong. **John Conyers**, D. of Detroit, a Negro: "He speaks for peace, against poverty, for jobs and every week-end can be found in his district, battling police brutality and other key issues."

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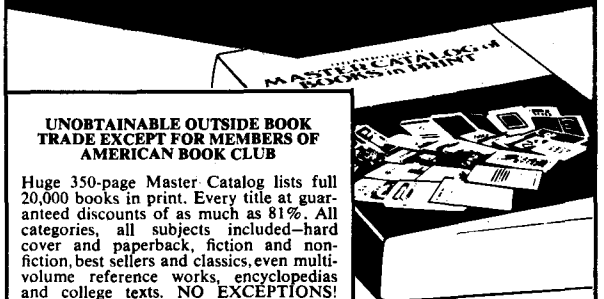

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THE WEEK

■ From Morningside Heights, an *Important Notice* published by Progressive Labor. Seems they referred to old pro Mark Rudd as "a leader of the right wing of Columbia SDS." Rudd, insulted, refused to appear for a public debate. PL was forced to issue a public declaration of heresy and penitence: DEAR MARK: YOU'RE RIGHT. WE'RE WRONG. PLEASE COME. I.e., two wrongs make a left.

■ Continuing his reinforcement of the Pentagon's drooping upper civilian echelons, Secretary of Defense Melvin R. Laird appointed Professor G. Warren Nutter as Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs. Professor Nutter was for some years director of the Thomas Jefferson Center for Studies in Political Economy at the University of Virginia. He was a foreign policy adviser to Barry Goldwater in the 1964 campaign and to Richard Nixon last year. He is probably best known for his brilliant and myth-destroying studies of the Soviet economy.

■ That the word "un-American" is vague, undefinable and open-ended has long been one of the Left's principal complaints about the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Quite right, said the Committee's new chairman, Richard Ichord (D., Mo.), in requesting that the name be changed to House Internal Security Committee. The House approved the new, less ambiguous name—and, more important, a less ambiguous mandate: To investigate groups seeking to establish a totalitarian dictatorship in the United States or to overthrow the government by "any unlawful means." Although the new name and mandate will not satisfy the Left, they clarify the Committee's proper function and bolster it against constitutional challenge in the courts.

■ Prof. Sidney Hook, the recently retired head of the philosophy department at NYU, is now chairman of a worthy group named the Coordinating Center for Democratic Opinion (441 Lexington Avenue, NYC). The group lays claim to a couple of hundred cells on campuses around the country, all of them interested in nourishing the environment of rational discourse and crushing the monster of "extremist putschism"—the cliques that feed on violence and disruption.

■ Several months ago, Dean Rusk expressed marked concern over re-emergent isolationism in America. The latest Gallup Poll bears him out. Of every hundred persons questioned, 22 claimed to favor a "go-it-alone" policy for the United States, twice the proportion found in a survey taken in July 1963—one year before the beginning of American military escalation in Vietnam. Although, as one would assume, isolationist affections register most strongly in the Deep South, they are also highly prevalent among those between the ages of 21 and 29 (in a 1967 survey, only 11 per cent in this group favored "independence in world affairs"; today 28 per cent do). Presumably, our conduct of the war in Vietnam has been the prime impulse behind the frustration which has led to a growth of isolationism. Today, six out of ten Americans believe we ought not involve ourselves militarily were another "Vietnam" to develop.

■ At a two-day meeting last week in Louisville, Ky. a highly assorted group of political activists convened to launch a new "national conservative party," which, to facilitate getting on state ballots, will be called, cumbersomely, the "National Committee on Autonomous State Parties Known as the American Independent Party, the American Party, the Conservative Party, the Constitution Party, the Courage Party, and such other parties as desire to affiliate with this national committee." About this effort three urgent points must be made: 1) The moment could not be less propitious. For the first time since 1932 we have an experienced Republican professional in the White House who, to date, has shown himself fairly responsive to conservative positions. A third party, if it attracted substantial support, would have the effect of abandoning the center of power to the Republican Left. 2) Many of those participating in this new effort—Birch Society members, representatives of the White Citizens' Councils—are not, by any stretch of the imagination, conservative. And 3) President Nixon, who needs conservative votes—and Southern votes—if he is not to be a one-term President, must demonstrate, regularly, that there are significant conservative advantages to be gained by working within the Republican Party.

■ Lots of people have explained lots of things about what it is that has led to black power disruptions on campus. President Thomas Henderson of the (Negro) Virginia Union University has a new one: There is little doubt, he says, "that funds from outside America and from extreme right wingers within America are being poured into an effort to do irreparable harm to colleges such as this." It must be those same right wingers who bankrolled Lee Harvey Oswald, eh Earl?

■ The late Prof. Willmoore Kendall, one-time editor of this magazine and full-time ecumenical gadfly, died in June 1967 in the kind of obscurity that a "liberal" profession reserves for its most outspoken conservative members. Those who knew Willmoore Kendall should therefore enjoy all the more a brace of tributes to him: the serene memorial by Charles Hyneman (Indiana University) in the winter 1968 issue of *P.S.* (newsletter of the American Political Science Association) and the forthright appreciation by Roland Dufault (Rutgers)

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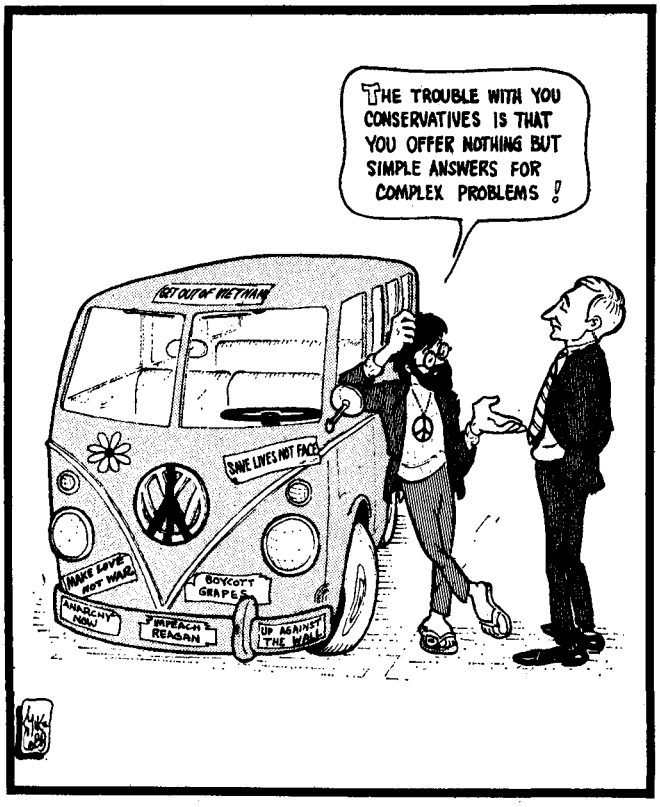
in the spring 1968 issue of *P.S.* And we'll stick proudly to our measure of him: he was one of the two or three finest political theorists of the century.

■ *February 24, 1968: speech by U Thant at the United Nations:*

> The increased intensity of the hostilities [in Vietnam] during the past few weeks should not lead to the conclusion that the door is closed to negotiations. In my view, the indispensable first step of ending all bombing and other acts of war against [North] Vietnam should be taken and could be taken without too great a military risk. If such a step were to be taken, I am more than ever convinced that meaningful talks will take place much earlier than expected, and perhaps within a matter of a few days. As for the question concerning the conduct of fighting after the unconditional cessation of the bombing . . . it can reasonably be assumed that these will be dealt with in good faith.

February 24, 1969: New York Times *dispatch from Saigon:*

> Enemy troops, striking simultaneously at Saigon and about 105 other towns and military targets throughout the country, have launched what the allied command considers the long-predicted general offensive. The capital and scores of other locations were shelled with mortars and 122-mm. rockets yesterday and ground assaults were mounted against a number of air bases and military outposts. About 100 United States soldiers were reported killed in the first fifteen hours of the offensive. . . . The offensive immediately raised the question of the validity of the agreement worked out in Paris in advance of the Nov. 1 halt in the bombing of North Vietnam. That agreement, negotiated secretly by American and North Vietnamese representatives, proscribed attacks on South Vietnamese cities. The new offensive hit every major city in the country, including Danang, Pleiku, Mytho, Bentre and Vinhbinh.


THE TROUBLE WITH YOU CONSERVATIVES IS THAT YOU OFFER NOTHING BUT SIMPLE ANSWERS FOR COMPLEX PROBLEMS !
GET OUT OF VIETNAM
SAVE LIVES NOT FACE
MAKE LOVE NOT WAR
BOYCOTT GRAPE
ANARCHY NOW
IMPEACH REAGAN
UP AGAINST THE WALL

■ The crises of the mid-Sixties—Vietnam, urban riots, black power, the student revolt—eroded Lyndon Johnson's prized consensus to such a point that on the night of March 31, 1968, he yielded, and told the nation he would not run again. Two months later, Charles de Gaulle faced a nation on the surface even more divided. But de Gaulle being de Gaulle, he made a last stab at retaining power and, the revolutionary tide having run its course, he was able to continue as President, but with his prestige much diminished. Last week it was the turn of President Ayub Khan of Pakistan, who by autocratic measures had held together for more than a decade a nation that is geographically split and torn by religious and social disputes. But in November he had fired Foreign Minister Zulfigar Ali Bhutto. Bhutto's followers took to the streets, as did the followers of other political leaders whom Ayub had tossed into the pokey along the way. And Ayub couldn't handle the situation; the riots, killings, burnings went on for four solid months with no sign of letup until Ayub decided to call it quits. He released his political enemies and announced he would not run again in 1970. His successor could be Bhutto and if it is, it's bad news for the United States. Bhutto is politically far to the left of Ayub.

■ Both the Arab guerrillas and the Israeli government understand perfectly the peculiar importance, strategic and economic, of El Al, the Israeli airline. Hence the ferocity of the actions and rhetoric of both sides in connection with the aircraft assaults. All Israel's land frontiers are closed by hostile Arab territory, so that people, supplies and military equipment can move only via the few ports or by air. Deprived of air transport and blockaded by sea, Israel would be caged. Although El Al has only eight international transport planes, it ranks twelfth among the transatlantic airlines in passengers carried (well ahead of such well-known airlines as Sabena, Iberia, Olympic and Air-India). It has by far the highest load factor (percentage of seats actually occupied by paying passengers).

■ According to the news clips, "one of Russia's most conservative papers" has gone yahooing after Milovan Djilas, the Yugoslavian writer and Tito-eater, for being an "enemy of socialism" like such worms as George Wallace, Leon Trotsky and Barry Goldwater. Naturally, we canceled our subscription. We're conservative, but not *that* conservative.

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How Much Do We Take?

In the East as in the West the enemy proceeds with his testing of the new American President.

President Johnson ordered all bombing of North Vietnam stopped on November 1, after weeks of secret talks between American and North Vietnamese-Vietcong representatives. He stated publicly that the halt was predicated not only on the general understanding that it would lead to military de-escalation and more fruitful negotiations in Paris but on the specific condition that there would be a) no military operations in the demilitarized zone or use of the zone for infiltration southward and b) no shelling or rocket attacks against the larger South Vietnamese cities. The last point was judged crucial, because such attacks on the larger cities, which the enemy cannot hope to take or even to inconvenience seriously in a strategic sense, are in essence purely terrorist acts against civilians. It would be intolerable, the American statements implied, if our act of military restraint merely gave the enemy a freer hand to make victims of our ally's civilian population.

There have all along been military violations by the enemy of the DMZ. In the past these have, according to published reports, been on a relatively small scale, but in the big new enemy operations that began February 23 they have become militarily important. In these same recent days the enemy has repeatedly bombed and shelled many of the larger cities, including the largest and most important, Saigon; civilians have been killed and wounded and their houses destroyed more or less at random. The Paris negotiations have been getting nowhere, before-table or after-table.

What now? The *New York Times* (Feb. 25) reports from Washington: "Some military and civilian officials in the Administration regard the rocket attacks on about 150 cities and military bases in South Vietnam over the last three days as the first serious 'test of will' on Vietnam that the new Administration has faced." The Pentagon, the State Department and the White House staff have analyzed for the President the possible responses. In the civilian as well as military agencies, many persons are convinced that an adequate response must include a premonitory air strike against North Vietnam, perhaps this time a jump to raids on Hanoi and Haiphong or the Red River dikes but at least a limited—perhaps 24-hour series of bombing attacks on North Vietnamese military targets.

That, at any rate, would be language Hanoi's men would understand without need for translators.

Here Come De Judge

Chief Justice Earl Warren has accepted the chairmanship of the International Board of Overseers of the International Center for the Advance of Peace, now nearing completion on Mount Scopus in Jerusalem.

—N. Y. Times

He wouldn't know an Arab from
  A dromedary's hump.
When rifles crack, who guarantees
  His ganglia would jump?
His Hebrew's rather sticky and
  His Arabic's a flop.
He couldn't tell a mullah from
  A Jaffa traffic cop.
But will this worry Warren? No.
  He's shortly set a date
When Arab and Israeli will
  Be told to integrate.

W. H. VON DREELE

Sirhan: RFK Forgot One Minority Group

While the trial of Sirhan Bishara Sirhan in Los Angeles continues, comment upon it is hazardous. Already there is evidence of tension between the defendant and the battery of lawyers representing him; much has taken place behind the scenes, and of this the public can know little. Yet an eerie parallel has begun to emerge between the assassinations of JFK and RFK.

Both assassinations possess a political aspect—and indeed politics may have been central to both. Politically, Lee Harvey Oswald was a leftist admirer of Castro. For Oswald, JFK was the man who had tried to invade Cuba, the man who had forced the removal of Russian missiles. But as the case was presented to the American people, all this political content was forced resolutely into the background, concealed behind a barrage of psychologizing and moralizing. Oswald was "sick," "rootless," a victim of anomie, perhaps sexually impotent. His violence reflected America's sickness. Or the blame lay with the city of Dallas. All this obscured the fact that those bullets came from the political Left, a fact that was most embarrassing to a myth in which so many have a huge investment: the myth of the Left's benevolence, as contrasted to the violence and the "hate" of the Right.

In the case of Sirhan an equally thorough process of selective depoliticalization is going on. He has been subjected to extensive psychological testing. We hear much about his fall from a horse. One columnist describes him as psychotic. Another as unstable, envious. Another calls him twisted. In his opening statement at the trial, the defense attorney insisted that Sirhan was in a trance and therefore had "diminished responsibility" when he fired the shot.

All these things may be true; we do not yet know Sirhan very well, and one unavowed goal of the legal maneuvering in Los Angeles may in fact be to prevent

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us from knowing him. Yet though he may be mentally or emotionally impaired, much of the public evidence so far seems to tend the other way. His record as a student was very good. His most recent employer describes him as "bright, pleasant and witty," though also proud and arrogant. The portions of his notebooks that so far have been made public, however, show him to have been overwrought and obsessed with RFK in the period before the assassination.

Psychotic?—maybe. Fanatical?—yes indeed. But, beyond any shadow of a doubt, political. The Sirhan family are Jordanians who lived in Jerusalem; they are Greek Orthodox Christians; and they lost their Jerusalem home to the Israelis during the 1948 war. For the Sirhan family, and for the Palestinian Arab population as a whole, the advent of Israel was a catastrophe: the thousand-year-old Arab community in Jerusalem was wiped out, and a million or so Arabs were displaced to squalid shanty towns. As a child Sirhan is said to have witnessed atrocities against the Arab civilians. The family history is full of poignant episodes. Once, some years after their exodus, a member of the family returned to Jerusalem to gaze at their former home. He found it occupied by Israelis—who, seeing the unfamiliar Arab hanging about, promptly had him arrested. According to his Los Angeles employer, a Mr. Weidner, who befriended him, Sirhan once said that "the Jewish people were rich and had taken his country, so he was very angry against them."

Shift to the spring of 1968. In the six-day war Israel had once again humiliated the Arabs, expanded her territorial boundaries, and undertaken the consolidation of Jerusalem under Israeli control. Jokes at the expense of the Arabs were retailed gleefully in the United States: visit Israel and see the pyramids. Sirhan is reported to have followed events in the Middle East with horrified fascination. And then the primary campaigns impinged upon all this.

When Sirhan was arrested he had in his pocket, most significantly, a May 22 newspaper column by David Lawrence. The point of this column, which was forcefully made, was that Robert Kennedy's position contained a glaring contradiction. He was against America's use of force in Asia, viewing it as an instance of the arrogance of power. But he was very much in favor of America using force if necessary in the defense of Israel. In Asia, Lawrence quoted Kennedy as saying, we had "isolated ourselves" by the "unilateral exercise of our overwhelming power." But in the Middle East we would "fully assist Israel—by arms if necessary." To an Arab friend just before the assassination Sirhan exclaimed: "This man must not become President." The assassination took place on the night of the California primary, just after Kennedy's victory speech at the Ambassador Hotel.

From the point of view of either the prosecution or the defense Sirhan's political motives are of the juridical essence. The prosecution, to prove premeditation, could show that the shooting was a consciously planned political act. For its part, the defense could argue that Sirhan's experience had fanaticized him to the point of diminished responsibility. But—and here is the hitch—either course would force the political issues into the foreground. Public attention would be brought to bear upon the rights and wrongs of the Arab-Israeli question. Once again a divisive dispute would arise. An established myth would be called into question, a myth in which many have a huge emotional and political investment: the myth that Israel, exclusively, is the aggrieved party. The whole matter is enmeshed in domestic American politics as well as in our foreign policy stance in the Middle East. Hence the efforts of the State Department, which have just come to light, to engineer a plan in which Sirhan would quietly plead guilty in return for a sentence of life in prison. Hence the relentless psychologization by the media and by Sirhan's own defense lawyers. As last week's events unfolded in the Los Angeles courtroom, symbolic vignettes remain in the mind: Sirhan, physically restrained by one of his lawyers, struggling to rise and speak; and, later, Sirhan telling Judge Walker during a conference in his chambers that he would rather plead guilty and go to the gas chamber than have people think he was getting a fair trial.

Containment and Counterattack

1. Hayakawa at the Bridge

Thanks to the firmness of Dr. S. I. Hayakawa, the siege of San Francisco State has been at least partially lifted. Bay-area radicals, desperate for a significant victory, have opened a second front at the University of California, Berkeley. Daily battles between activists and police have been raging on the campus there, and Governor Reagan, who earlier declared a state of emergency in Berkeley, is reported to be readying the National Guard for campus service.

The situation is not as hopeless as news reports have indicated, however, for there are signs that the academic community has learned a lesson from Hayakawa's stand at State. At a recent meeting of the Academic Senate at U Cal, Berkeley, the faculty broke precedent and adopted a strong resolution condemning "the use of force, violence, and disruption." Chancellor Roger Heyns, whose line has become steadily tougher since the Moses Hall fiasco last fall, told the assembled academics: "After several years of an obvious, predictable pattern of disruption and provocation, it astounds me that there are some who still see in this mainly a pattern of youthful idealism and good works." Can those good old liberal myths really be evaporating?

Dr. Hayakawa proved at San Francisco State that New Leftists eventually lose support if administrators and faculty refuse to be intimidated. The Berkeley faculty now has a chance to recover its own campus by fol-

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lowing his lead. The Berkeley battle may develop into a war of attrition, as it did at San Francisco State. But the academic community is now a little wiser, and if it holds fast, the New Leftists, who have been steadily losing bay-area support, may give in sooner than could have been expected before the Hayakawa stand.

2. President to President

Few people will doubt that Richard Nixon possesses first-rate political instincts, and his recent letter to Father Theodore M. Hesburgh in support of the Notre Dame president's get-tough policy with campus radicals also supports the view that a significant public revulsion with campus disorders is sweeping the country. "A fundamental governing principle of any great university is that the rule of reason and not the rule of force prevails," said President Nixon. "Whoever rejects that principle forfeits his right to be a member of the academic community." So unequivocal a public declaration on a controversial domestic issue is unusual from modern Presidents, as are President Nixon's instructions to Vice President Agnew, who is to discuss with the nation's fifty governors what role the Federal Government might play in controlling campus disorders.

In the meantime, however, demonstrations, carried through the mass media as typhoid germs used to be carried through the water supply, still continue to infest the nation's campuses. At Wisconsin, where things seemed to be cooling down, LeRoi Jones was imported to heat them up again. At quiet old Wesleyan, black students succeeded in getting a building named after Malcolm X. And at Rutgers, thirty Negroes seized a building and renamed it "Liberation Hall." The epidemic is still raging. But, as Nixon's letter indicates, it may have peaked.

Green Power

One of the most significant student demonstrations of the year has received scant attention in the national press. At Queens College on February 21, more than a hundred demonstrators occupied a building, took over the radio station and presented the president with a list of demands. Among them: an exchange program with Dublin University; St. Patrick's Day as a school holiday; admission of "two hundred deserving, underprivileged and grateful Irish students next fall." The demonstration ended with a soulful singing of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" and the passing around of soul food (Irish coffee and cake).

The possibilities inherent in the concept of Green Power are endless. Surely, Irish-American students, glorying in their new-found sense of racial pride, will soon demand a Department of Green Studies. Such a department will no doubt make as its first order of business the reclamation of Irish authors from their present rather arbitrary classification as part of "English" literature, a racial slur if there ever was one. Let's see. This will leave English literature with Chaucer, Shakespeare, Jane Austen, Dickens and Ronald Firbank. And those old racial stereotypes, such as Mike Axford of "The Green Hornet" ("Sufferin snakes, Case, it's the Harnet") and Finnegan of Duffy's Tavern ("Duh, hello Arch") will be ruthlessly purged. And those old Uncle Seans such as Dennis Day and Morton Downey. Racial pride. Green is beautiful. Ah, the joy of it.

"Why always me?"

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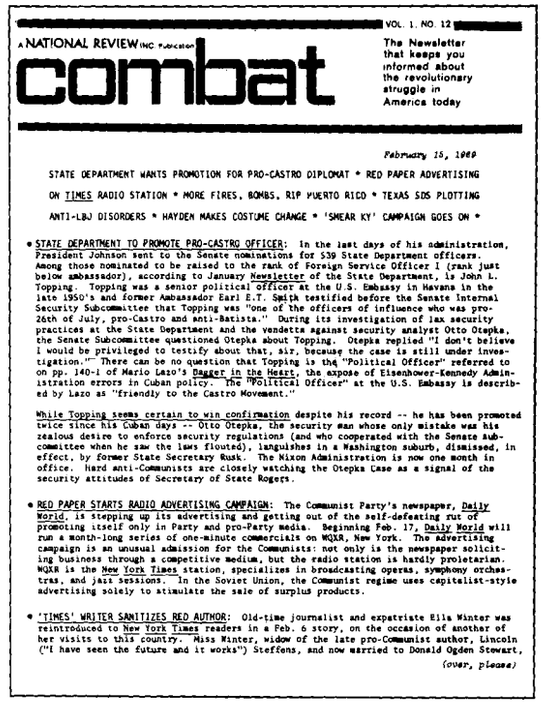

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combat

The Newsletter that keeps you informed about the revolutionary struggle in America today

February 15, 1969

STATE DEPARTMENT WANTS PROMOTION FOR PRO-CASTRO DIPLOMAT * RED PAPER ADVERTISING ON TIMES RADIO STATION * MORE FIRES, BOMBS, RIP PUERTO RICO * TEXAS SDS PLOTTING ANTI-LBJ DISORDERS * HAYDEN MAKES COSTUME CHANGE * 'SMEAR KY' CAMPAIGN GOES ON *

• STATE DEPARTMENT TO PROMOTE PRO-CASTRO OFFICER: In the last days of his administration, President Johnson sent to the Senate nominations for 539 State Department officers. Among those nominated to be raised to the rank of Foreign Service Officer I (rank just below ambassador), according to January Newsletter of the State Department, is John L. Topping. Topping was a senior political officer at the U.S. Embassy in Havana in the late 1950's and former Ambassador Earl E.T. Smith testified before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee that Topping was "one of the officers of influence who was pro-26th of July, pro-Castro and anti-Batista." During its investigation of lax security practices at the State Department and the vendetta against security analyst Otto Otepka, the Senate Subcommittee questioned Otepka about Topping. Otepka replied "I don't believe I would be privileged to testify about that, sir, because the case is still under investigation." There can be no question that Topping is the "Political Officer" referred to on pp. 140-1 of Mario Lazo's Dagger in the Heart, the expose of Eisenhower-Kennedy Administration errors in Cuban policy. The "Political Officer" at the U.S. Embassy is described by Lazo as "friendly to the Castro Movement."

While Topping seems certain to win confirmation despite his record -- he has been promoted twice since his Cuban days -- Otto Otepka, the security man whose only mistake was his zealous desire to enforce security regulations (and who cooperated with the Senate Subcommittee when he saw the laws flouted), languishes in a Washington suburb, dismissed, in effect, by former State Secretary Rusk. The Nixon Administration is now one month in office. Hard anti-Communists are closely watching the Otepka case as a signal of the security attitudes of Secretary of State Rogers.

• RED PAPER STARTS RADIO ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN: The Communist Party's newspaper, Daily World, is stepping up its advertising and getting out of the self-defeating rut of promoting itself only in Party and pro-Party media. Beginning Feb. 17, Daily World will run a month-long series of one-minute commercials on WQXR, New York. The advertising campaign is an unusual admission for the Communists: not only is the newspaper soliciting business through a competitive medium, but the radio station is hardly proletarian. WQXR is the New York Times station, specializes in broadcasting operas, symphony orchestras, and jazz sessions. In the Soviet Union, the Communist regime uses capitalist-style advertising solely to stimulate the sale of surplus products.

• 'TIMES' WRITER SANITIZES RED AUTHOR: Old-time journalist and expatriate Ella Winter was reintroduced to New York Times readers in a Feb. 6 story, on the occasion of another of her visits to this country. Miss Winter, widow of the late pro-Communist author, Lincoln ("I have seen the future and it works") Steffens, and now married to Donald Ogden Stewart,

(over, please)

Facts About Combat...

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A Timely Reminder

American Friends of the Captive Nations and the Conference of Americans of Central and Eastern European Descent have jointly addressed a message to members of the new Congress, which we reprint in part.

THE TRAGIC INVASION of Czechoslovakia by the USSR, with the participation of most of the Communist satellite regimes of Eastern Europe, shattered the optimism about "bridge-building" and détente which prevailed in the United States and Western Europe. Though there can be no satisfaction to anyone in these grim events, the fact remains that the skepticism our organizations have often expressed has now been all too graphically confirmed. . . .

The Czechoslovak breakthrough to freedom ended in tragedy as in Hungary; but, like Hungary, it proved that freedom in Eastern Europe is again on the march. It will prove unconquerable if we stand firm and thus encourage the continuing passive resistance among the captive peoples.

1) As part of our political offensive, the U.S. and her NATO allies should move to have the continued occupation of Czechoslovakia formally debated and condemned by the next UN General Assembly. If we compare what the U.S. and the UN did to protest and expose the Soviet invasion of Hungary with what we have done in Czechoslovakia, we can see how far an increasing timidity has silenced us.

2) We must rebuild the only solid alliance we still have to deter Soviet aggressions—the NATO alliance. We must abandon the folly of talking about withdrawing U.S. troops from Europe, at a time when NATO has been expelled from France and weakened by Britain's financial crisis.

3) There should be a NATO summit conference, as Chancellor Kiesinger suggested, instead of a Moscow summit while the Soviet aggressor still occupies Czechoslovakia!

4) The power of NATO to deter aggression depends both on its strength and on confidence in its will to use that strength, if necessary. NATO information budget should be enlarged to give more publicity in Europe about the continued need for NATO and about the technical progress NATO had made even before Czechoslovakia.

5) But to avoid misunderstanding by our allies we must not only consult them at every stage, but must prove to them, as well as the Kremlin leaders, that we have no illusions about Soviet objectives; that we realize one Soviet purpose in such negotiations will be to divide us from our allies and create an illusion among the Western peoples and parliaments that further sacrifices for NATO are unnecessary, because we are on the road to arms control agreements. The exaggerated optimism about the scope of the test ban treaty and U.S. pressure on its allies for immediate ratification of the Nonproliferation Treaty, despite Czechoslovakia, are examples of mistakes which must be avoided.

6) Because of a recent escalation of savage Soviet cold war rhetoric, especially against West Germany, the U.S. must escalate its defense against this propaganda. To date we have been virtually silent. As it is, many Europeans fear that the U.S. is unwilling to risk even irritating, not to speak of provoking, the Soviets in our quest for détente. . . . The American people also have a right to frankness from their government about what the Soviets are doing in Berlin, the Near East, Korea and Latin America.

As for the fear that such frankness would endanger the proposed missile talks, when did a so-called "cold war atmosphere" prevent successful negotiations with the Soviets in Berlin, Korea, Austria or Cuba? The fact is that a willingness to speak out on Soviet acts which deserve criticism is a part of negotiating from strength which will increase our bargaining power. The Soviet leaders themselves always maintain their propaganda pressure. They are cold and realistic bargainers who use propaganda as a weapon in negotiations, not sensitive prima donnas whose policies are changed by verbal irritations.

7) Finally, and not least important, we must use all our economic power in our dealings with the Soviet bloc as a means of pressure and bargaining in negotiations to promote peace and freedom. For whatever one's view of the recent Western policy of extending credits to Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union itself in order to encourage liberalization and independence from Moscow, such credits now can only strengthen the Soviet effort to end liberalization and independence. This is so because the Kremlin today fully controls the satellite economies, either through direct force, as in Czechoslovakia, or by threat of force, as in Rumania.

THE economic cost and dislocation within the Communist bloc caused by the invasion of Czechoslovakia, plus the enormous cost of the whole recent Soviet policy of expanding its armed forces and its military aid around the world, from Korea to Cairo, gives the West a new opportunity for economic bargaining to press for political concessions.

Therefore, the export of sophisticated Western plants, know-how and credits at this time can only help the Soviets to remain in Czechoslovakia, to restabilize their empire elsewhere, to continue the arms race in the Middle East. . . .

Needless to say, our objection to long-term credits and trade in certain categories of sophisticated and potentially strategic items does not apply to ordinary reciprocal trade, nor to the desirability of promoting cultural contacts on the largest possible scale, provided it is on a reciprocal basis.

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First Things First

The first major action of the Nixon Administration is the President's voyage to Western Europe, in mid-progress as we write. The intended symbolism is clear. America shifts back from the Johnsonian immersion in Asia toward the Atlantic community and the ancestral homeland of Western civilization. The new American leadership meets first with its allies and closest friends before any parley with the outlanders.

This implied emphasis is natural. Mr. Nixon, like his chief foreign policy adviser, Henry Kissinger, has always assigned primary importance to the Atlantic community. What he inevitably learns from this trip is that the community exists more in memory and aspiration than in present fact. De Gaulle chose to remind him rudely of this by timing his disruptive talk with British Ambassador Soames just before the President's arrival. But the divisions and squabbles are everywhere obtruding: in the Common Market meetings, the meetings of the West European Union and NATO, the disputes over trade, monetary policy, Berlin and relations with the Communist bloc. And the impossibility of any merely regional focus for a global power was proclaimed by the new, deliberately provocative offensive opened up by the Vietcong on the eve of Mr. Nixon's flight westward.

Still, all things cannot be attended to at once; the President has begun in the right order.

When You Leave the Honey Jar Open, You've Got to Expect Ants

The House Ways and Means Committee is looking into the operations of tax-exempt institutions such as universities, benevolent associations, foundations and so on. Among the complaints alleged: 1) they are too rich and powerful; 2) they intervene in partisan ways in the political process; 3) they are covers for control and enjoyment of profit-making enterprise; 4) their operations are unregulated; 5) they use their nominal charitable and educational objectives to reward friends and punish enemies.

Connoisseurs of irony will note that the proximate cause of the investigation seems to have been the recent grant of $131,000 by the Ford Foundation to eight count-'em eight former assistants to the late Bobby Kennedy.

No knowledgeable person will deny rather widespread abuse, in some cases flagrant abuse, of the tax-exempt privilege. While seeking some legal means of correction, we hope the members of the Committee will pause to reflect on the origin of the tax exemption provision and the troubles increasingly apparent therefrom.

The great gimmick of tax exemption came into being only because the government fashioned the great gimmick of steeply rising income tax rates. When the income rate is zero, there is no point in tax-exempt foundations or other tax dodges. When rates hit 70 or 90 per cent, we witness the formication of the tax "expert" (tr.: dodger) and his devices. It is equally clear that if tax rates are low, the government has "given" very little to the exempt institutions and has proportionately little interest in their exempt activities.

All economists know that high tax rates do not produce proportionately high tax revenue. The underlying motive of high tax rates is more social than financial engineering. Here is a classic case of control breeding further need for control. The only sure step against abuse of tax exemption would be to reduce the incentive to abuse: by, that is to say, reducing the incremental tax rates.

Privacy and the 1970 Census

Over the years, the decennial census that is specified under the Constitution has been conducted in conjunction with an increasingly long and inquisitorial "household survey." The justification of the "survey" is so tenuous that the former Director of the Bureau of the Census, one Robert Burgess, when questioned by a federal judge as to its purpose, failed to come up with a reason for it until the judge asked him for a fifth (5th) time. The ludicrous aspect of the situation is that this household survey, by legislative carelessness, carries penalties of sixty days in jail and $100 fine for refusing to answer such questions as: Is your furnace gas, oil or coal? What mode of transportation do you use in going from home to office? How many toilets do you have?

This magazine, from its inception, as old time readers will remember, has been in the thick of the fight against irrationally obtrusive government, and on the census question since 1960 (which was our first chance to take a swing at it). It is a pleasure to report that Congress has taken an increasingly sympathetic attitude towards the plea for privacy (privacy for law-abiding citizens: the Supreme Court has provided for the rights of the criminal). A year ago Congressman Jack Betts of Ohio re-

Cryptogram

Senator Dirksen's slightly upset;
Senator Thurmond's clearing his throat.
Congressman Ford's beginning to fret . . .
"Somebody's" acting awfully remote.
Nobody really wants to complain;
Everyone's being terribly *nice*.
Still, there's an undeniable strain . . .
"Somebody" needs a piece of advice.

W. H. von Dreele

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ported that fifty of his colleagues were ready to sponsor an amendment that while not prohibiting the Government from asking questions about toilets, would guarantee the right of the citizen to maintain silence in his home in the absence of a search warrant. According to the Congressman's news release dated January 16 of this year, there were then 67 congressmen ready to support this civilized and humane legislation. By February 6 there were 109. The movement is bipartisan and there is a good chance it will ultimately succeed.

Bold spirits such as newsman Martin Gross have announced publicly that they will refuse to answer the sociological questions associated with the 1970 enumeration of the population. That act of courage, which may carry some slight aroma of sedition, may be gratuitous if the Congress, after ten years, decides finally to amend the law, as it intended to do all the time, so that a man's home remains his castle.

Notes & Asides

■ In May of 1965, Mr. Artie Shaw, the former musician, went on network TV and said certain things about WFB and indirectly NATIONAL REVIEW as troubled the the directors of this magazine who counseled a lawsuit against Artie Shaw. First we gave him an opportunity to retract, which opportunity he rejected. Then, after three and one half years (the law's delays!), the case finally came up on the calendar in Bridgeport, Connecticut, at which point Mr. Shaw thought better of what he had said, and issued, in return for a release, the following letter:

"Dear Mr. Buckley:

"On May 5, 1965, I made an appearance on an unrehearsed television interview program on Channel 7. At one point during the program, in response to a totally unanticipated line of questioning from the interviewer, William B. Williams, I made a statement to the effect that you 'sell hate.'

"As I have since informed you, those words were neither premeditated nor deliberate. I certainly did not intend them maliciously, and since I was mistaken, I hereby freely retract that statement.

"I trust that this will resolve whatever misunderstanding has arisen between us as a result of my remark, and you may use this letter for any purpose you choose, with the sole provision that it be used only in its entirety.

"Sincerely yours,
"Artie Shaw."

■ Do you want to know what magazines of general circulation in the public school system are more conservative than what other magazines? For instance, in order from most conservative to least, how would you rate NATIONAL REVIEW, *U.S. News and World Report*, *Time*, *Newsweek* and the *New Republic*? In exactly that order? Why you are a genius. The Cooperative Research Program of the United States Office of Education, Department of Health, Education and Welfare, paid legal tender to Professor William T. Lowe of Cornell University to make just such a study (I mean, how could we have health, education or welfare, without an answer to that question?) Mr. Lowe and his staff are qualified to research such questions in virtue of their ability to compose such a program as the following, whence everything becomes absolutely clear:

"To test the possibility of a significant interaction among topics and journals on each of the dependent variables, a balanced factorial design was used. The main effect will be, topic (d.f. = 2), journal (d.f. = 9), and raters within topics (d.f. = 6). Topics and raters were considered to have random effects; journals, a fixed effect. A significant interaction was not hypothesized. This design yielded an appropriate error term needed for a multiple comparison test (Duncan New Multiple Range Test) of the journal means."

An additional finding of this august research body is that in order of objectivity, it goes *New York Times*, *Time*, *U.S. News*, *Newsweek*, *New Republic*, NATIONAL REVIEW. Which means, what do you know, that the most conservative is also the least objective! Give Professor Lowe a Nobel Prize, and charge it to us.

■ And a note from Mr. Vincent J. Rigdon, chairman of the Conservative Union of Columbia University: "An interesting event occurred while you were speaking here. In McMillin Theatre, the SDS was holding their party for the '*décimo aniversario de la heróica revolución de Cuba.*' Unfortunately, right in the middle of the festivities, a lady from the Free Cuba movement stood up, said a few uncomplimentary things, and threw a grenade. You can imagine the ensuing scene. An ex-Marine who was watching told us that most of the lefties got up, jammed the aisles, and panicked to get out. He, of course, did the sensible thing and took cover behind the approximately twenty rows of seats between him and the grenade. Fortunately, the grenade turned out to be a dud, but I think that for once the SDS was actually glad to see the police get there. Had it been a live grenade, they probably would have been killed by the shrapnel. Some revolutionaries." Some campus.

■ Your "Notes and Asides" [Feb. 11] was marvelous. Where can we get a few of those "Don't let THEM immanentize the eschaton!" buttons?

Robert Paolucci
New York, N.Y.

Our People's Underground, Box 1028, Larchmont, N. Y. 10538—3 for a buck. —**WFB**

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THE OPEN QUESTION

The Welfare Non-Issue

JAMES BURNHAM

FRANK MEYER's excommunication of Kenneth Melvin (*NR*, Feb. 25) was stirringly pronounced, but he managed to avoid the main point. I do not pretend to speak for Mr. Melvin (who does well enough on his own), but I want to set down a few of the things that his article ("Big Brother is Dead Too," *NR*, Feb. 11) prompted me to think about, and rethink.

First and most important: *Welfarism is not a real issue*. It is a pseudo-issue, with obsolescent meaning for rhetoric and ideology but none or very little in relation to the real world.

I use the word, "welfarism," in a wide sense: "acceptance of public responsibility for many important needs and wants of the citizens."

The list of needs and wants varies from country to country, and tends, as we know, to expand. Among the more prominent: education, sewage, water, roads (these four dating back, in many places, to long before the days of "the welfare state"), food, housing, medical care, security against the hazards of unemployment, disability and old age.

"Public responsibility," in this rough definition, has also a wide reference. The responsibility can be exercised—and in fact is currently being exercised—in any of a great number of ways, ranging from performance of the function (e.g. medical care) directly by the central state apparatus to the mere noting by the public authorities that the function is being sufficiently carried out by private means.

Welfarism Is Always With Us

Welfarism need not mean and in many countries has not meant "government medicine," "state farming," "government housing," etc. But it does mean that the organs of government, and in the last analysis the sovereign, that is the central government, recognizes (or takes) a responsibility, over and above any private responsibility, for dealing with these needs and wants.

Welfarism does not mean a sharp break with either the theory or practice of government in the past. *Some* welfarist responsibility has always been recognized by every government. What is distinctive (though not unprecedented) about government in our age is the enlargement of the range of that responsibility. But there is nothing surprising in this. The enlargement is obviously correlated with a) the population explosion, b) the disappearance of agricultural society, and c) the technological revolution which, on the one hand, underlies those first two changes and, on the other, provides the material possibility for public welfarism.

Frank Meyer inadvertently expresses the purely ideological nature of his rhetoric. "Mr. Melvin," he writes, "presents us with the statist prescription for the tyranny characteristic of the ideology of the twentieth century in all its manifestations, from the brutality of Communism and Nazism to the insidious seductivity [*sic*] of European social democracy and American welfarism." In more prosaic moments I feel sure Frank Meyer would never have slipped into that careless equating of Nazism, Communism, social democracy and the American system. Nevertheless, the facts from which that sentence takes off are indeed significant for an understanding of modern welfarism. All modern nations are welfarist, no matter what their forms of government and economy: Communist, socialist, capitalist or mixed; dictatorial, republican, fascist and clerical; Christian, Jewish, Buddhist or atheist; conservative, labor, liberal or radical; one-party, two-party or multi-party. Surely this suggests that modern welfarism is brought not by a plot or by any special doctrine or political movement, but as one consequence of the twentieth-century human condition. Or do we conclude, in the words of a World War I song, that they're all out of step but Frank?

Several generations ago, classical economists and libertarians believed socialism to be like pregnancy. Once impregnated even the least tiny bit, the body politic would inevitably breed the monstrous offspring, totalitarian Communism. They were wrong. Communism never comes as a "development" within a non-Communist society, but only as a deliberately engineered revolution. We know that some-socialism does not inevitably mean all-socialism, that welfarism does not inevitably mean socialism in the classic sense of government monopoly, and that freedoms can coexist with social democracy and welfarism—in some cases, more freedoms than before, indeed, for the masses. Intellectuals may not be able to draw a clear metaphysical line between Communism, social democracy and welfarism, but the masses have no difficulty seeing it: nowhere have the masses, however conditioned by welfarism and socialism, opted voluntarily for Communism.

Freedom and Fate

In scornfully rejecting "economic and social determinism," Frank Meyer perhaps slips into a conception of human freedom closer to that of our anarchists of the New Left than to Aristotle. Correctly understood, Engels was near to a profound truth when he wrote that "Freedom is the knowledge of necessity." Man's freedom is narrowly limited by man's fate—by the human condition, by his own organism, the physical universe and the historical circumstances in which he finds himself. A man's significant choices must indeed be made within the framework of these necessities; if not, the proclaimed choices become just talk, fustian.

It in no way follows from what I have written that conservatives must simply resign themselves to any and every welfarist project and proposal. It does not follow that the only solution to each major welfare program is to turn it over to the central government—though that is where it will end if nothing is done at other levels, public or private, to solve it. By undiscriminating resistance to *welfarism*, conservatives may have indirectly nurtured the welfare *state*.

What does follow is that no serious politics in our time can be based on a simplistic anti-welfarist doctrine. Granted that axiom, there remains an enormous field of dispute and choice. Do you doubt whether choice thus circumscribed has much significance? Ask the Czechs. □

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The "Noble Savage" wasn't all that noble,
contends a distinguished anthropologist whose specialty is things Indian.
But the author saves his big guns for an even lesser breed:
The guilt-ridden, history-distorting paleface

Will the Indians Get Whitey?

JOHN GREENWAY

In the following article, John Greenway, Professor of Anthropology at the University of Colorado (Boulder), challenges the prevailing assumptions and historical shibboleths long associated with the American Indian. Juxtaposed with Professor Greenway's theme are quotations (in italics) from references discussed in the essay, pertinent news data, as well as selections from the testimony of the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy appearing before the Senate Subcommittee on Indian Affairs.

WHEN 36 out of 81 superior American college students can look at a photograph of American soldiers removing piles of emaciated Jewish corpses from a liberated Nazi horror camp and identify the scene as Americans committing atrocities in Vietnam—well, is it not to be expected?

The unnatural eagerness of Americans to believe themselves to be monsters is not a biological imperative, despite its constancy from the earliest period of American history. It is learned behavior, implanted neither by genes nor by experience, but by the teachings of the strangest class of intellectuals any nation has ever been damned with. With few significant exceptions, America's professional thinkers have been anomic dropouts from their own culture, burning the American spirit as their bearded acolytes burn the American flag. They find some unrepented sin in themselves and take up whatever scourge lies at hand to visit its punishment upon their forefathers. Now more than ever before, the American Indian is a favorite scourge—as a study of ten popular, non-scholarly books* on the Indian demonstrates.

On his landing in Mexico in 1519, Hernando Cortez found there a highly developed and, indeed, overdeveloped culture, far superior to that of Europe; but a white man and a Catholic, blinded by the double conceit of his religion and his race, he could not rise to the idea that beings of a different color and a different world-view could be even his equals. It is tragic and grotesque to see with what arrogance the Spaniards, members of the most brutal, superstitious, and uncultured nation of their continent, looked down upon this culture, of the bases of which they had not the smallest inkling.
—Egan Friedell, *Cultural History of the Modern Age.*

To the authors of these books the Indians are a stick to beat the American soul, as sympathizer William Eastlake ingenuously disclosed in a review in *Book Week*. "The Nez Perce Indians," Eastlake began, ". . . set out to get Whitey on Wednesday, June 13, 1877. The war lasted 117 days, and cost Whitey over $1 million, an expense probably considerably less than Watts, which shows that Whitey's wars with the Hostiles are not only costing more now but we are learning less. . . . Learn, Whitey, Learn."

Something has happened to me lately. Every time I have glanced at a bookcase in the last few weeks, the books on killing of the Indians leap out into my hand. Reading a speech of Andrew Jackson's on the Indian question the other day—his Second Annual Message—I realized he was the Westmoreland of 1830. His speech was like an Administration speech today. It was another speech recommending murder of a race as a prudent policy, requiring stamina.

**The Long Death: The Last Days of the Plains Indians*, by Ralph K. Andrist. Macmillan, $8.95. *The Flight of the Nez Perce: A History of the Nez Perce War* by Mark H. Brown. Putnam, $8.95. *The Shoshoneans: The People of the Basin-Plateau* by Edward Dorn and Leroy Lucas. Morrow, $6.95. *Warriors of the Colorado: The Yumas of the Quechan Nation and their Neighbors* by Jack D. Forbes. Oklahoma, $5.95. *The Nez Perce Indians and the Opening of the Northwest* by Alvin M. Josephy Jr. Yale, $12.50. *Red Cloud and the Sioux Problem* by James C. Olson. Nebraska, $5.95. *Half Sun on the Columbia: A Biography of Chief Moses* by Robert H. Ruby and John H. Brown. Oklahoma, $5.95. *Disinherited: The Lost Birthright of the American Indian* by Dale Van Every. Morrow, 95¢ (paper). *The Indian and the White Man* by Wilcomb E. Washburn. Doubleday Anchor, $1.95 (paper). *Apologies to the Iroquois*, by Edmund Wilson. Random House, $1.95 (paper).

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Perhaps this coincidence should not have surprised me, but it did. It turns out we can put down a revolution as well as the Russians in Budapest, we can destroy a town as well as the Germans at Lidice, all with our famous unconcern.

—Robert Bly, *National Book Award acceptance speech, March 6, 1968.*

The next five days were spent in preparing the [soldier's] bodies for burial, building coffins, and in digging graves in the frozen ground of the snow-swept cemetery. Although a large crew of men aided the medical officers, they needed two days to get the bodies ready. The official report prepared by Carrington two weeks after the disaster explains why this grim task was so difficult: "I give you some of the facts as to my men, whose bodies I found just at dark, . . . Eyes torn out and laid on rocks; noses cut off; ears cut off; chins hewn off; teeth chopped out; joints of fingers, brains taken out and placed on rocks with other members of the body; entrails taken out and exposed; hands cut off; feet cut off; arms taken out from sockets. . . ."

—Ralph K. Andrist, *The Long Death: The Last Days of the Plains Indians.*

All of these books are stern indictments of Our Treatment of the Indians, though the authors have little more qualification to write books about the Indians than a plumber has to practice brain surgery. Historical value is claimed for most of them by the dust-jackets and as to that point, what A. E. Housman once said under similar provocation can be said here; history as practiced by these writers is not a game —an exercise requiring skill and heed, like marbles, or skittles or cats' cradles —but a pastime, like leaning against a wall and spitting. They write about the Indian because the Indian in the American mind is as imaginary as Sandburg's Lincoln, a creation of fantasy, guilt and ignorance, on which everyone is his own authority. Edward Hicks should have painted the scene: in the background a massacre of Indian women and children; in the foreground a young Indian lad and his Indian lass, hand in hand, about to hurl themselves off a Lovers' Leap while singing "By the Waters of Minnetonka." The illusion is always more romantic than the reality; in real life Running Bear would have been less likely to seduce Little White Dove than to rape her.

The Indian As Dionysus

THE LAY READER should have a hard-core course in what the real Indian was like before exposing his raw conscience to books like these. He should know that the real Indian was ferocious, cruel, aggressive, stoic, violent, ultra-masculine, treacherous and warlike, though these are anemic adjectives to describe the extent of his Dionysiac extremism. As for Our Treatment of the Indians, never in the entire history of the inevitable displacement of hunting tribes by advanced agriculturists in the 39,000 generations of mankind has a native people been treated with more consideration, decency and kindness. The Mongoloids in displacing the first comers of Asia, the Negroes in displacing the aborigines in Africa, and every other group following the biological law of the Competitive Exclusion Principle thought like the Polynesian chief who once observed to a white officer: "I don't understand you English. You come here and take our land and then you spend the rest of your lives trying to make up for it. When my people came to these islands, we just killed the inhabitants and that was the end of it." It could be argued that the only real injury the white man ever did the Indian was to take his fighting away from him. Indians did not fight to defend their land, their people or their honor, as these writers apparently believe; like the Irish, they fought for the fighting. Without war and raiding and scalping and rape and pillage and slavetaking, the Indian was as aimless as a chiropractor without a spine. There was nothing left in life for him but idleness, petty mischief and booze.

Some two million people who have read Ruth Benedict's classic of just-so anthropology, *Patterns of Culture*, suppose that there were Apollonians on this earth, and that they were the Pueblo Indians. The only flaw in the Pueblos' angelic character was their effeminate peacefulness, Dr. Benedict suggested. But she did not say that the Pueblos killed the first Spaniard to visit them (ironically, the first "white" man killed by the Pueblos was a Negro), that they killed and scalped missionaries, and that they conducted the most successful of all violent Indian rebellions against the whites.

Washington, Dec. 15—"Why don't Indians riot?" Senator Robert F. Kennedy asked a Kiowa Navajo this morning after listening to two days of testimony reflecting Indian disillusionment and bitterness.

It was not an invitation. The Senator was merely wondering about a fundamental difference between Indians and Negroes. Negroes, he observed, had grievances and some of them retaliated violently against the white society; Indians suffered in silence.

In reply, John Belindo, executive director of the National Congress of American Indians, told the Senator gently that street demonstrations were not in the Indian character.

"It isn't their nature to demonstrate," Mr. Belindo said. "Indians have a deep reverence for the land; they wouldn't think of razing anything."

Indians would no more think of

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burning property than they would of polluting the air or the streams, he explained.

—*New York Times,* Dec. 16, 1967.

The Indian As Democrat

WHILE the *lumpenproletariat* cherished the image of the romantic Indian, the *lumpenintelligentsia* clutched the noble Indian to the body politic. Our universities today swarm with men who truly believe that both the Constitution specifically and American democracy generally were copied from Indian originals. Some of these men have been seen to laugh at the New Fundamentalists for believing that Christ ascended to heaven in a space ship.

The Indians indeed did put up imitations of civilized institutions when it seemed profitable to do so, but they were the most palpable travesties. Dale Van Every's contribution to the Black Pages of White History, *Disinherited,* is an unintentional illustration of how academic folklore on the Indians is constructed. He meets the stringent standards of authority established by his peers, having once written a history entitled *The AEF in Battle* (which I have not read, fearing it might take the side of the Germans) and making movies for thirteen years. He deals with the central illusion, on which most of the others depend: that the Indians in the forest primeval were gathered into mighty nations. There were, he says, "twenty great Indian nations" in the Southeast alone, of which the greatest in civilization and suffering was the Cherokee. (Fact: From a population of two thousand in 1761, this great Cherokee empire was reduced by the white man's oppression, diseases, wars and massacres, to *fifty* thousand the last time they came into court to sue for the return of the Southeastern states.)

Within these nations pure democracy flourished. At the top of page 82 Mr. Van Every tells of the "instinctive sympathy" between Negroes and Indians, and of the "ingrained Indian abhorrence of slavery as an institution." At the bottom of page 82 Mr. Van Every gives us a census of the Cherokee Nation in 1825: 15,563 Indians; Negro slaves, 1,277. These were not refugee slaves; these were real slaves. In 1824 the Cherokee National Committee prohibited any of their Negroes from owning stock, voting or marrying Indians. Still, one must consider the iron law of economics; Van Every could make neither a book nor a movie on the Cherokee as they really were—intruders into the land the United States paid them for, important only because they were the victors in a bloody war to extermination or exile with other tribes —the Yamasee, Creek, Choctaw, Shawnee, Catawba, Tuscarora and Chickasaw—over which tribe should have the monopoly of selling slaves to the South.

A first step was taken in 1824 when the National Committee forbade intermarriage between Cherokee, whether red or white, and Negroes and the possession by Negro slaves of horses, cattle or hogs.

Membership in the General Council was limited to free, male Cherokees of 25 who were descendants of Cherokee men by free women or Cherokee women by free men and denied to any in whom Negro parentage was identifiable. All free male citizens except those with identifiable Negro blood were eligible to vote.

—Dale Van Every, *Disinherited: The Last Birthright of the American Indian.*

The Subcommittee on Indian Affairs recently visited Eastern Oklahoma, where the "five civilized tribes" are located. Foremost among these five tribes in terms of great historical self-generated accomplishments are the Cherokees. Several years ago the Cherokees had an extraordinarily fine system of self-government modeled after our own; a very high rate of literacy in Cherokee and English sustained by a tribally managed and run school system which was one of the finest west of the Mississippi; a sophistication and quality of leadership of which any group would be proud and a flourishing and dynamic way of life. Yet the United States Government abolished these Cherokee institutions shortly after the turn of the century. And now, in 1968, family after family among the Cherokees in Oklahoma has an annual income of less than $1,000.

Robert Kennedy, *Testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Indian Affairs, March 5, 1968.*

The only Indians in these books that did not hold slaves were those too poor to afford to keep them. Even the Quechans, about whom Jack D. Forbes has written a kind of book, *Warriors of the Colorado,* had slaves when they had very little else. It is not pertinent to say much about the book, for only literate Quechans would be tempted to read it, but it has the same sort of weird ideas about the Indians as the others. "Their hearts were good and strong, and the Quechans have survived," effuses Forbes. In reality, the Quechans survived because the whites came in and saved them from the Maricopas and Gila Pimas and Halchidomas and Walapais and Havasupais and Cahuillas and Paipais and Kiliwas and Halyikawamais and Kohuanas, all of whom were fighting for slaves.

When Van Every's heart is not weeping for the Cherokee, it is hemorrhaging for the Seminoles, who established a claim to Florida that the Indian Claims Commission has offered to pay off in a 1965 decision. How did the Seminoles establish ownership to Florida? By fleeing over the Georgia line with Negro slaves they stole from the whites. The Seminoles have been granted a cash settlement for the state, but they still want the state. We may get off easy by giving them Miami.

Edmund Wilson, an Indian expert in the tradition of that Boston booby, Ralph Waldo Emerson, long ago finished writing learnedly on everything he knows anything about and has recently begun writing learnedly on everything he knows nothing about, e.g. the Indians, and the income tax. *Apologies to the Iroquois* was commissioned by the *New Yorker.** Read it and learn all about the Seneca Republic (population 3,792; not to be confused with the rival Seneca Nation) and our responsibilities to it in the question of title to New York State. Read it and learn that the Senecas and their neighbors shared their Southern cousins' abhorrence of slavery, though they retained some whites "adopted" during raids on settlements.

Wilcomb Washburn is a different kettle of fish. He resides in the Indian territory of Washington, D.C., and he feels enough guilt about Our Treatment to give up his own real estate to the original owners, the Manahoac, if there were any left. He is an objective historian writing "from a point of view strongly sympathetic to the American

*Wilson's book is so naive that one cannot analyze it. Nearly every point he makes about Indian culture demonstrates a near-total ignorance of anthropological principles and solid knowledge about Indians. It's rather like a gardener discussing deoxyribonucleic acid in plant genetics.
—J.G.

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Indian," an apologia that permits him to distort history in his anthology of primary materials, *The Indian and the White Man*. The selections are genuine enough, but they are rigorously chosen for his special pleading, and each is prefaced by an officious analysis setting the primary writer straight whenever he is in danger of straying into the truth. Washburn informs us, for example, that the term "tribe" was a dysphemism for "nation," introduced by the whites when they decided to reduce the Indians. He is right, of course; the word "tribe" was brought in by the whites. And so was the concept.

The real Indian was only most tenuously a member of a tribe. His ecological unit was the nomadic band, either hunting-gathering or primitive agricultural, with little cohesion beyond an approximation to a common language and some weak psychological unity. These marauding social fragments cohered only when profitable raiding was visible.

Tribes have to have chiefs, so the white man invented that concept also. In the old days, the nearest any Indian tribe got to a chief was somebody who could persuade a few young braves to accompany him in a sneak raid on the neighbors' horses. Several such expeditions would authorize a warrior to sign treaties with the whites and eventually visit Washington for a real raid (Red Cloud made fifteen personal assaults on the Treasury). Later, candidates for chiefhood did not even have to steal horses—they just applied to the Great White Father for certification. In 1891 the Acting Agent for the Pine Ridge Sioux endorsed a dozen such applications for chief from sundry Indians with this comment: "Furnishing these papers can have no effect except to please the vanity of the recipients and keep them in good humor." From 1860 on, politics among the Indians was a situation of too many chiefs and not enough Indians.

Imagination abhors a factual vacuum, and so in these books chiefs are made out of nothing more substantial than euphonious names. The real leader of the Nez Perce flight was Poker Joe, hopeless as a potential eponym, so "Chief Joseph" becomes the Great Red Father. Chief Moses, another naturally named leader, is apotheosized by another expert on the Indians not terribly well known in anthropological circles, Dr. Robert H. Ruby. Ruby has his doctorate in medicine, which would seem to limit his authority to sick Indians, but he published a previous book through a vanity press, and that makes a difference. His biography of Moses, *Half Sun on the Columbia* (one of Moses' aliases) unfortunately says little about the ethos of Moses' people, the Sinkiuse-Columbia. Other writers have found them to be like the rest of the Northwest Coast tribes—obsessed with a paranoid status competition, slavery, warfare and cannibalism. So Moses, like Joseph, must have been a phenomenon, for Ruby offers him as a man of peace. "The peacemaking of our subject," writes Ruby, "assured him a place not among the blazoned, but among the blessed." In reality's dull record, Moses attained his chiefly status by slaughtering lone travelers. On one of his later peacemaking expeditions his warriors killed a party of fifty miners, but excused themselves by saying they thought the miners were soldiers. If Dr. Ruby gets away with his refurbishment of this rascal, he should be able to write Stokely Carmichael into a Nobel Peace Prize.

The Indian As Victim

When sneak attacks on horses escalated into massive and murderous raids on settlements, people would sometimes get hurt. But Washburn speaks for his peers when he forbids the term "massacre" to describe such incidents; such invidious expressions, he says, were designed to put the Indian into bad repute "and to provide good reason why he should be treated the way he was treated by that society." It is just as unfair, he adds, as accusing the Indian of cannibalism merely because he ate people.

So James C. Olson pours out his heart's blood for the Sioux in nearly 400 pages of *Red Cloud and the Sioux Problem* without ever finding it pertinent to mention the Minnesota Massacre, in which at least 800 whites were killed and 10,000 square miles of Minnesota cleared of settlers. About the only consistent use of the word "massacre" in these books appends to the Sand Creek and Wounded Knee massacres.*

It is, by the way, almost impossible to find a book giving the white side of the Sand Creek affair; authors ignore the voluminous testimony of the congressional investigation and accept the testimony instead of one Robert Bent, a survivor. This Bent makes an interesting witness; he was a renegade halfbreed who with his two brothers lived and raided with the Cheyenne. They were a precious trio; one of them captured a white settler, staked him to the ground, cut out his tongue, castrated him, and built a fire on his stomach.

In *The Long Death* Andrist mentions the Minnesota Massacre, but his interest is in the Indians who were captured, tried and executed for the murders—39 Indians went to the gallows. Andrist (who is also the author of *Heroes of Polar Exploration*) chooses as the most regrettable part of the episode the second hanging of Rattling Runner, on whom the rope broke—"but the traditional ritual of legal life-taking had to be gone through in its entirety . . . his body was hoisted again, to dangle yet a while for the edification of the spectators." Rattling Runner's hangman, who so edified the crowd, had three children lying dead out on the plains, and his wife and two other children still in the tender hands of the uncaught Indians. Still, as the dust-jacket judges, "Mr. Andrist writes with such passion that the reader hears the roar of guns and the rumble of hooves, the whistle of whips, the creak of wagon wheels, and always, and everywhere, the screams of dying and dispossessed . . . the most fitting tribute ever written to the noblest victims Destiny ever had." The jacket is talking about the Indians.

Least funny of all these books is *The Shoshoneans—The People of the Basin-Plateau,* by two beatniks who toured the desert country of Idaho, Utah and Nevada stirring up mischief for a non-book. Its deception begins with the title, which might lead the unwary to think it was a work of dull but reputable ethnography. It is nothing of the sort; it is an undisciplined screed against the whites of the area illustrated by photographs by a man who confuses underexposure with art. Mainly the photographs are of sullen young Indians in sunglasses staggering out of bars. All the degeneration, of course, is attributable to the "fascism" of the cowboy culture that corrupted the pristine Indian. A typical passage describes an old Indian lying in filth and asks why "the pasty doctors of the agency did

*A typical distortion of the facts. The assemblage of Indians at Wounded Knee were hostiles dancing the Ghost Dance, which among the Sioux demanded genocide of the whites. The fighting—which indeed ended with the total slaughter of the Indians by soldiers harboring long infuriation for unavenged killings by the Indians—began when a shaman blew the eagle whistle and Indians pulled concealed rifles from under their blankets. The Wounded Knee Massacre put an end to Indian wars. —J.G.

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not come and bathe him." Edward Dorn's photographer companion might have washed him, but he was out in the field dancing the Sun Dance with the Indians for peace in Vietnam.

The non-Indian community will never relax its hatred toward some practices of native Indian life—peyotism, the inhalation of airplane glue, the various burial methods, questions of sanitation, legitimacy and marriage, the lingering resistance Indian men have to domestication and routine work. All religious and civil facts are one great indiscriminate label—The Indian Problem.

—Edward Dorn, *The Shoshoneans—The People of the Basin-Plateau.*

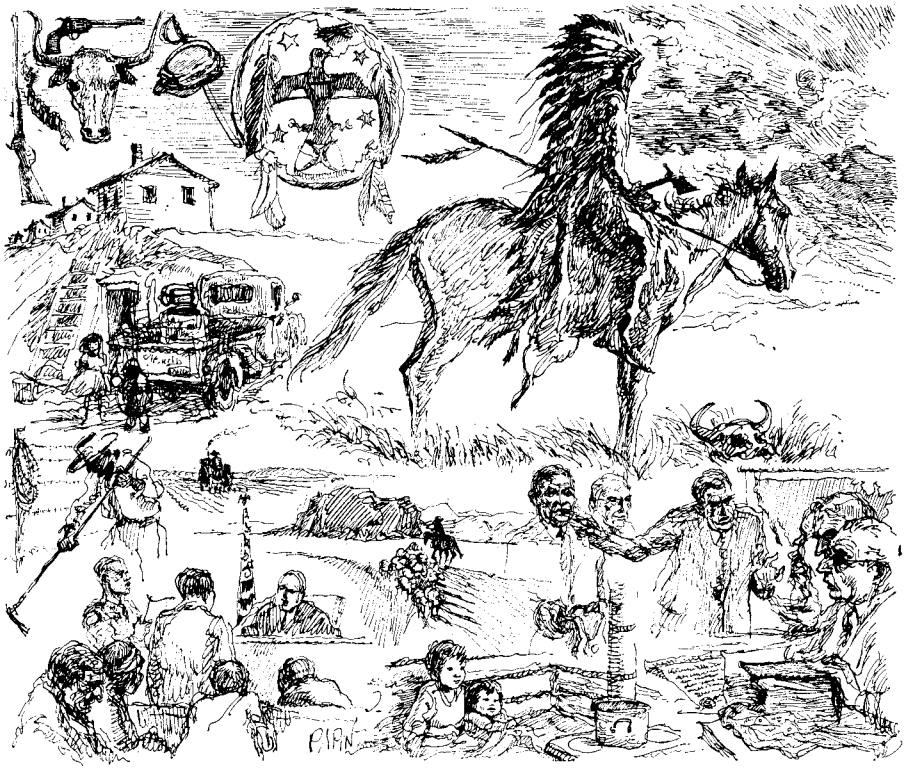
The Indian As Cop

THE IDEA of Indians policing Indians was a simultaneous self-invention on several reservations in the late 1860s. Its purpose was to perpetuate the old way of life rather than to conclude it. Some raiding bands now became police, and other bands fought them, and the only significant difference for the whites was their notion that one side was better than the other, so they paid the one in money and the other in rations. There was a more significant difference for the Indians: those who joined the police or the accompanying judiciary knew where the action was. Before Bob Dalton decided it was more profitable to rob banks, he worked as chief of the Osage police. While the displaced generation of Red Cloud, Kicking Bear, Moses, Joseph, and the several Sitting Bulls sat around sulking like tired Union League Republicans talking about Roosevelt, Sammy Running Bear Glick put down his tomahawk and took up the gavel.

Judge B. H. Sixkiller, one of the well-known Cherokee, showed how the old ways remained the same the more they changed. He went too far one day and sat in judgment of the wrong Indian. Before the trial was over, Judge Sixkiller and ten other people in the courtroom lay dead on the floor, and the jury, so to speak, was hung.

Another member of the Sixkiller family of law enforcers, Sheriff Sam, was twice tried for murder for defending himself against a raiding band that was shooting at him. He beat the rap, but was wounded later by an Indian who successfully pleaded in his defense that he was just "shooting at police." Three months after that affray Sam was killed, and his successor as captain of the agency police was also knocked off. Everybody has heard of the sadistic Hanging Judge Parker, who strung up an Indian from time to time at Fort Smith, but there are a few who do not know that during Parker's tenure of office 65 of his deputies were killed. Judge Abraham No Heart was perhaps a wiser jurist; he collected the guns of convicted Indians in lieu of monetary fines. These incidents are typical, and one can find more of them in a fine book by William T. Hagan, *Indian Police and Judges* (Yale, 1966, $6.50).

Our books all stop short of the final subject in the sequence of Our Treatment of the Indian: the Indians' Treatment of Us. In 1960 the arrest rate for whites in the United States was 2,739 in 100,000. For Negroes it was 8,703. But for Indians it was 51,090. This inequity of iniquity has persuaded some racist commentators to explain excessive criminality as a Mongoloid characteristic—but Chinese and Japanese in the United States have the lowest arrest figure of any group, lower even than for the most law-respecting WASPs.



The suicide rate among teen-agers on that reservation [Fort Hall, Idaho], we were told, is over one hundred times the national average. Suicides occur as early as eight years of age. Two days after we left, a sixteen-year-old boy from a school we had visited hanged himself in the county jail where he had been placed without a hearing and without notification to his parents after being accused of drinking during school hours. Three other Indians had hung themselves in the same jail from the same pipe within the previous eleven months—one of them a seventeen-year-old girl.

—Kennedy Testimony

The Indian As Litigant

AS CIVILIZATION displaces savagery, raiding becomes litigation. The year of 1946 will be remembered not only as the year ballpoint pens sold for $15.98, but as the year the United States was given back to the Indians. It was then that the Indian Claims Commission was quietly established by Congress as a device to simplify suits against the government for compensation for land usurpation. In fact liability was admitted, with the only issue to be determined in most cases being which Indians should get the money. Five years were allowed for the filing of claims, and by the 1951 deadline, 852 claims were entered for 70 per cent of the United States.

This is not to say that the American

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conscience did not awaken until 1946. Indians have been suing the whites for more than a century and swindling them for much longer than that. The first real estate fraud on the American continent was that famous purchase of Manhattan by Peter Minuit—but the tale has been twisted over the years. It was the Dutch who were swindled; the Scaticook Indians were the occupying owners, but the deal was pulled by a mob of Canarsie Indians who were visiting Manhattan for the day. The Scaticooks, by the way, have their claim in for the island, and they are not about to take any junk jewelry for it this time.

Jefferson paid Napoleon $15 million for the Louisiana Territory in another well-publicized bargain—a sum that did not include a further $300 million under the blanket to the Indians. Some Indians were paid as many as six times for the same land, each time returning to complain that the white man was an Indian giver.

And so from tribe to tribe (a tribe now is defined as comprising any Indians the tribe council wishes to include in the loot). The Cherokee, who were themselves invaders and usurpers of the land they occupied, have received $14 million.

The Subcommittee staff visited one Cherokee home—if you can call an eight-by-twelve tarpaper shack a home—in which lived a mother, an unemployed father and eight children. There was no insulation in the house, a pot-bellied stove for heat and cooking, no running water, no electricity and one small kerosene lantern for light, no sanitation facilities and gaps between the wooden slats that constituted the floor. There was one bed in the room. The seven children slept on the floor and the baby between the parents. The income of this family was about $60 per month.

. . . The only vestige of Federal Government assistance were somehow a testimony to our lack of commitment and imagination. A brand new shiny well pump with a concrete base stood in front of the house—we were informed that BIA officials discovered after they drilled the well that there was no water—the well stood as a status symbol of poverty.

—Kennedy Testimony

Their contending neighbors sued for $22 million and settled for $1,769,940 in 1952. The Nez Perce received $3 million for their expenses in massacring settlers, with their suit for 100,000 square miles of Idaho still in litigation. Edmund Wilson's Seneca Nation was given $12,128,917 out of court two years ago. The Utes got $31,938,473.43 as a starter for the land they stole from the Pueblos, and then made their expert anthropological witness, Dr. Omer C. Stewart, wait nine years for his $100-a-day fee (he was finally persuaded to settle for half what was owed him).

An important point in this saga of masochistic largesse is how many Indians all this is going to. The Creeks number eighteen thousand. Six hundred Quapaws are claiming $54,397,110.34. Altogether there are 550,000 Indians asking for $10 billion.

—The average Indian income is $1,500—75 per cent below the national average;

—His unemployment rate is ten times the national average;

—He lives ten years less than the average American;

—The death rate for his children is twice as high as the national average;

—Tuberculosis rates are seven times higher than the average American's.

—Robert Kennedy, *Testimony before Subcommittee on Indian Education* Dec. 13, 1967.

Clinton, Okla., Aug. 14 (AP)—The Federal Government paid Cheyenne-Arapaho Indians $15 million last week and almost forced western Oklahoma bankers to close their doors.

The money—paid by check—was for land their grandparents left reluctantly in the late eighteen hundreds. But the checks arrived in August, 1968, and much of the money went for motorcycles, used cars, tape recorders and alcohol.

—N. Y. Times, Aug. 15, 1968.

These claims do not include all the money going free from the taxpayer to the Indian. On the 397 federal reservations (eleven of which are over a million acres) no taxes are paid on either the land or its usufruct—and the usufruct ran to $70 million in 1965 for rental to whites alone, not counting the uncountable hundreds of millions for primary use. And then there are the continuing service subsidies from the Bureau of Indian Affairs—$221,482,405 in the last official report, with many more millions hidden in other areas of budgetry.

Mr. Kennedy expressed shock when told that the United States Bureau of Indian Affairs spent only 22 cents a meal on the children.

"When I was Attorney General," he told the school superintendent, Dr. Solon Ayers, "we spent more than that on the prisoners in Alcatraz."

—N. Y. Times, Mar. 30, 1968.

Window Rock, Ariz., Feb. 24 (AP)—The nation's largest Indian tribe is taking a $10-million plunge in the stock market in seeking more funds to educate its youngsters.

The Navahoes are diversifying their holdings so they do not have more than $300,000 invested in any one stock, Mr. Brunton said. He is a non-Navaho, a certified public accountant and has been with the tribe two-and-a-half years.

The primary aim, he said, is for income to surpass the $400,000 formerly earned. There also is the hope for a growth in value of the stock, he said.

—N. Y. Times, Feb. 25, 1968.

Even the Office of Economic Opportunity is shotgunning poverty funds into the Indians; in just one caper the OEO spent $208,741 to show the Zuni how they could mass-produce their handcrafted jewelry for a guaranteed annual income of $150,000—unaware that the Zuni already market more than $2 million worth of jewelry every year in New Mexico alone. The idea is known as "the Zany Zuni Plan."

The Zuni are nearly unique in that they work. Most reservation-bound Indians agree with what Chief Moses once said: "We do not want to work and don't know how. Indians are too old to learn that when five years old." The Utes are mentioned from time to time in the menopause magazines as

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WHO STANDS TO GAIN

The Great Nonproliferation Hoax

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THE TREATY for the nonproliferation of nuclear weapons which the United States Senate is urged to ratify, is one of the greatest hoaxes ever foisted on the American people. The Establishment urges its acceptance on the ground that it is a deterrent to the horror of nuclear warfare and a significant step toward peace. Unless Senator Goldwater and other clear-sighted conservatives take a firm stand, there is danger that this pact will be railroaded to confirmation. Particularly now that Mr. Nixon is behind it.

Most Americans apparently believe that this pact, which forbids all signatories to give nuclear equipment and know-how to any non-nuclear power, would help exorcise the danger of nuclear warfare; that it represents some kind of mutual self-denying ordinance by Washington and Moscow in the interest of world peace. Nothing could be farther from the truth; seldom have so many people been fooled about the real significance of a treaty: It is a deal for the nuclear domination of the world by the United States and the Soviet Union, with Red China an increasingly powerful silent partner.

No Sacrifice for Soviets

Although the discovery of the formidable potential of nuclear military power may have been unfortunate, that particular genie is now out of the bottle and cannot be put back. If the discovery had been made in some Soviet equivalent of Los Alamos it would have been used far more ruthlessly to confront the free world with the choice between nuclear annihilation and Communist slavery.

All schemes for nuclear disarmament have foundered and, in the present state of the world, must founder in the deep chasm of mutual distrust between the Communist and the non-Communist camps, on Soviet aversion to inspection and on the impossibility of verifying the destruction of existing weapons and stocks of material. Given this situation, the inevitable practical solution has been the establishment of a rough balance of nuclear terror.

Explicitly, by means of NATO and other alliances, or implicitly, the United States has covered Europe and Asia with the umbrella of its nuclear arsenal. Any nuclear adventure on the part of the United States is inhibited by the probability of a Soviet nuclear retaliation.

But the credibility of this United States nuclear guaranty has been openly challenged by General de Gaulle; and silent doubts persist in the minds of many Europeans and Asians. It may be probable, but is it *certain* that in the event of a supreme crunch an American President would risk the destruction of Washington, New York, Chicago or Detroit to avenge West Berlin, Hamburg, Tokyo, New Delhi? This question would lose its force if there were national or, better yet, regional nuclear establishments in Western Europe and Asia.

There is every indication that Moscow regards the nonproliferation treaty as a notable, perhaps an unexpected victory for its diplomacy. Whereas the Soviet government usually lags behind in ratifying treaties, in this case it has rushed to confirm the nonproliferation deal and has been urging the United States to do so. And this estimate is certainly justified.

A main Soviet objective has been to isolate West Germany. The treaty, which condemns Germany to second-rate status, to remaining in a state of nuclear disarmament while the Soviet Union has the intermediate missiles to blast Germany out of existence, involves no sacrifice at all on the Soviet side.

The Soviet Union loses nothing, actual or prospective, by promising to refrain from supplying any other state with nuclear knowledge. It is safe to say that there is bitter regret in the Kremlin today for the aid extended to the Red Chinese nuclear establishment. Imagine the possible consequences if Soviet nuclear aid had been extended to its East European satellites, including Czechoslovakia! It is unlikely in the extreme that the Soviet Union would grant nuclear assistance to a satellite that may some day prove recalcitrant.

The United States, on the other hand, by misguidedly setting its hand to the treaty, is foreclosing possibilities that may be very desirable in the future. There is no foundation for the dogmatic American view that any extension of nuclear military power is unfavorable to peace and United States interest. We cannot keep nuclear weapons out of the hands of the two powers most likely to use them to our detriment, the Soviet Union and Red China. To develop a counterbalance to these powers could be sound national policy today.

Inspires Heart-searching

Such a counterbalance would be a nuclear establishment in Europe, which would place Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev in the same state of jeopardy in which the Soviets hold Hamburg, Rome and Amsterdam. And why should the United States wish to be the sole guarantor of nuclear peace in Asia, when Japan and India possess the technical capacity to hold the nuclear line against Red China?

United States ratification of the nonproliferation pact means commitment to a policy that is immoral, foolish and most probably impractical, a policy that makes nonsense of our defensive alliance in Europe, that favors our enemy and slights our allies. No wonder the question arises, as it did when we were conducting fruitless negotiations on changing the status of West Berlin in the early phase of the Kennedy Administration: On which side is the United States, anyway?

The treaty, so eagerly snapped up by the Soviet Union, has inspired heart-searching in Germany and Italy, Japan and India. Those powers question why, if the Soviet Union is such a threat to European peace and freedom as to warrant an American commitment to NATO, we should accept so readily an arrangement under which we would formally share nuclear domination of the world with the very power whose designs, as so recently proved in Czechoslovakia, are so justly suspect?

The American public has not been

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given a chance, through free and candid debate, to think this matter through. Otherwise the absurdity of deliberately foreclosing certain defensive options with no equivalent concession from Moscow, of conceding to the power which has been our consistent enemy since the end of World War II (and earlier, for that matter) an unchallenged nuclear superiority over those same European countries that we were so anxious twenty years ago to enlist as allies.

To appease enemies and cold-shoulder allies never leads to favorable results, because the enemies are not conciliated and turned into friends by appeasement, and allies are apt to turn sour, lukewarm and suspicious. The question remains unanswered: Why do we wish to concentrate in our own hands the dangerous responsibility of nuclear defense, instead of sharing it out among nations which are or may be more directly threatened than we are?

Effective Brainwashing

A credibility gap is also involved, both for allies and enemies. Suppose Soviet policy toward Europe, especially the Federal Republic of Germany, should become still tougher and more adventurous than it is at present. Which would be the more effective deterrent, United States paper commitments or the knowledge that de Gaulle's limited *force de frappe* (which some irreverent Europeans have rechristened a *farce de frappe*) has been expanded into a serious nuclear force with the addition of German, Italian and other European components?

The idea that, under all circumstances, the limitation of nuclear capacity to the nations that now possess it is desirable for the United States is in need of revision. To deprive of nuclear weapons the countries which by tradition and interest may be counted on to take America's side in a big international showdown makes no more political and military sense than to initiate one-sided and partial disarmament for the United States itself.

At the very least American acceptance of the nonproliferation pact should spell out clearly the American right to cooperate with a European, as distinguished from a national, nuclear set-up. Pre-conditions should include the Soviet military withdrawal from Czechoslovakia, and the issue of inspection, which could involve Soviet industrial espionage in Europe, should be settled unequivocally.

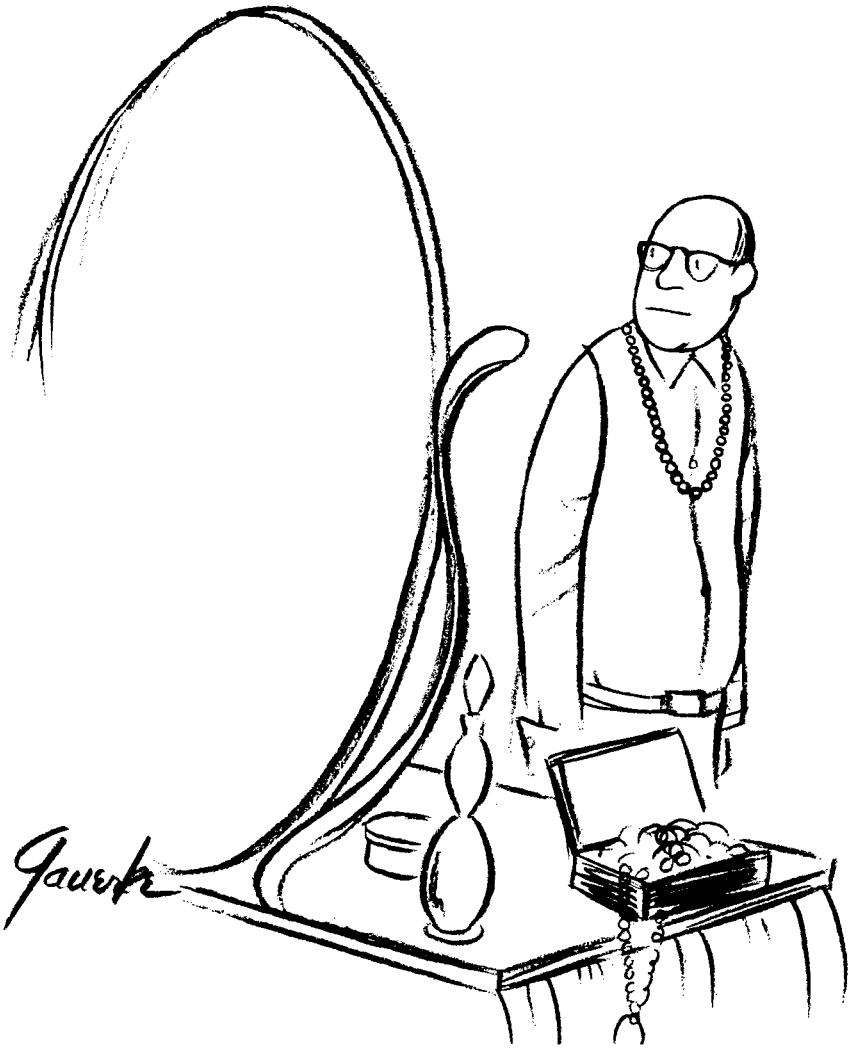
It may be that matters have gone too far for the Senate to reject the treaty. The process of brainwashing, conscious and unconscious, has been effective so far, as proved by the apathy on the subject and the widespread assumption that any document purporting to prevent the proliferation of nuclear weapons must be good. The idea that nuclear weapons may actually serve the cause of peace, not by their use but by their existence as a deterrent, seems to have made little progress.

The emptiness of the argument that the pact diminishes in any degree the danger of nuclear war should be brought out clearly and cogently in a debate worthy of the seriousness of the subject. It is significant, and worth remembering, that the United States has found far more opposition to the treaty in allied and friendly nations than in the Soviet Union.

The publicized existence of vigorous critical opposition in America may encourage some other powers to withhold their signatures. If West Germany, which faces a national election this year, should feel impelled to refuse or indefinitely postpone its signature, Soviet interest in the pact would diminish to the vanishing point.

Simpleminded Reasoning

A truly Great Debate on the treaty would bring to the fore the pertinent question whether it is ever worth concluding an agreement with the Soviet Union that is not automatically self-enforcing. The incredibly naïve Edward Stettinius and others used as an argument for the signing of the Yalta Declaration that it was worth getting pledges from Moscow in order to test their fulfillment. As if a man should be considered a financial genius for accepting at face value the notes of a notorious fraudulent bankrupt! That kind of simpleminded reasoning has cost the United States too much in the past. □



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LETTER FROM A (DISGRUNTLED) CATHOLIC

Where Are You, Fr. O'Brien? Where Are You, Fr. Fitzgerald?

JOHN BRENNAN

THERE WAS A TIME when all the Catholic clergy in the United States were Irish. Or so it seemed. They came in two sizes, the Pat O'Brien and the Barry Fitzgerald. The Pat O'Briens were men's men and frequently seemed to be seven feet tall. All of them had given up careers in major league baseball to enter the seminary and they packed a wicked right cross with which they sometimes dealt with those sinners who seemed beyond blarney and blandishment. The Pat O'Briens were best at what was then termed "social work." They could talk gunmen down from tenement roofs in the days when no one but Paddy rode in the paddy wagon, front or back.

The Pat O'Briens were especially good at forming basketball teams out of delinquent gangs and at getting final repentance out of quavering criminals when they lay dying in the gutter, 83 bullet holes between the clavicles, in front of the slum parishes where they had once served as altar boys. The O'Brien priest could also brace up a condemned murderer, frequently a childhood friend who had gone wrong, so that he could walk the last mile to the chair like a man. "Steady, lad. It will all be over in a minute and you'll be with the angels."

You could count on the O'Briens in moments of national peril. They recruited shamelessly. "Sonny McKernan, the Hun is sinking our ships and you not in the Navy. Let me walk you to the recruiting station." The O'Brien types became chaplains themselves and won untold battles. "Strategy isn't in this old Sky Pilot's line—but if two of you Marines could work your way around that clump of brush we'd have those Japs where we want them."

The Pat O'Brien type is gone. He's throwing duck blood on the Draft Board records.

The Barry Fitzgerald type was a crusty, cantankerous codger whose life revolved around getting money to keep his rundown parochial school operating so that the myriad children of his parish would not be exposed to the numerous perils of a secular education. He thought integration meant going to school with Protestants. The Fitzgerald type was preoccupied with the managerial responsibilities of the priesthood and was very poor at organizing basketball teams. He left that to his young curate who usually looked very much like Bing Crosby. Sometime during his pastorhood, however, a basketball would bounce near him and he would kick it back to the boys who were playing and this event would become a parish legend. He refused to recognize the presence of another sex on the planet with the exception of the Blessed Mother and his own dear departed saintly mother. He regarded the sisters who taught in his schools on some days as angelic helpers sent from on High but on most days as trials sent to test his dwindling reserves of patience.

The Barry Fitzgerald type is gone. The Urban Renewers have torn down the old neighborhood and his parishioners have fled to suburbia. He hasn't seen his Crosbyish curate for six months. He eloped with the Mother Superior.

THUS IT SEEMS that the old clerical mold has been broken and there is no one around since Vatican II who is even willing to gather up the pieces. The new clergy feels better in turtlenecks than in the confines of the Roman collar and there are even some who prefer the fatigues and bandoliers of the revolutionary to the unisex of the cassock. Does it seem possible that scant years ago the plug was pulled on Fr. Coughlin's microphone for espousing radical social philosophies and that priests who threaten to burn down today's cities are left to go their merry way? Television has shown us priests who have so recast the O'Brien-Fitzgerald mold that they seem bent on making delinquents out of good basketball material.

"I wanna get married!" is the cry of a vocal minority of priests, none of whom seem to realize that they are doing the female sex a singular favor by obeying the laws of celibacy. All but the most naïve know that for centuries priests have been slipping out the rear door of rectories never to return and that others, for no doubt valid reasons, have left by the front door properly laicized and all credentials in order. However, whether the departure was sanctioned or unsanctioned it was, as a rule, done discreetly and very few ex-priests went around advertising the fact.

Priests who leave today do so for deep theological and philosophical reasons and they will discuss them with one and all as soon as they return from the honeymoon. It appears that the first thing a cleric who has become hot under the collar does when he decides he must marry that waitress or divorcée is to try to get on a radio talk show. If he is fortunate enough to appear on television the bride, sometimes a former nun, sits beside him, her hands folded in her lap. She says nothing but smiles approval shyly. Her dress is of conservative cut. The Barry Fitzgeralds would have taken a broom to her. The Pat O'Briens would have put in for the Foreign Missions and hopeful martyrdom immediately.

The Church has come a long way but the question is, in what direction has it traveled? It is difficult for the over-forty Catholic to adjust to the era of ecclesiastical giddiness that permeates so much of Catholicism today. We still recall the Baltimore Catechism and are barely recovered from multitudinous lumps on the head pedagogically inflicted as just punishment for mangling a phrase from the "Act of Charity." We now wonder why we didn't hit back if so much of what we learned was to be relegated to Limbo.

A dear friend of mine recalls with some horror his first Holy Communion. As he returned from the altar rail his Sunday School Sister leaned from the bench and hissed between clenched teeth, "Don't chew the Baby Jesus!" One questions what has become of that Sister today when communicants are encouraged to two-step to the altar rail, pirouette to the pew, finger snap-

(Continues on page 245)

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LETTER FROM LONDON

A New Look at America

COLM BROGAN

IT CANNOT BE said that the names of the Nixon Cabinet made much impression either way on the British public, for very few people over here had heard of even one of them. On the other hand, Richard Nixon's television introduction of his team made a very strong impression. People noticed that the incoming President was calm, authoritative and confident. The legend of the doomed loser, the predestined bottom dog was quietly demolished. This was a man who had arrived.

There is no doubt at all that in governing circles the election result was a sharp disappointment, though not a surprise. How much easier things would have been if Happy Hubert had pulled it off! There is no reason to believe that the new President and his colleagues will be unfriendly, but every reason to believe that they will be strictly businesslike in their dealings, and there is nothing that Britain in her present state would more anxiously avoid than businesslike dealings.

In general the commentators greeted the new Cabinet with relief. "Not so bad as it might have been" was the representative response, though, of course, there was the inevitable ritual regret that no prominent Democrat or Negro had agreed to serve. Those of us who thought that this was the most encouraging development of all were in a very small minority. It goes without saying that the *New Statesman* took a line of its own. Its hatchet man (an American) dealt with the Cabinet in the manner of a prosecuting counsel, and there was a profile of Nixon that was a masterpiece of sneer and smear. As John Freeman, the former editor of this bilious journal, is Ambassador-designate to Washington, it cannot be said that his successor is doing much to smooth his path.

A Nixon Administration gives the Left and a large part of the Right several causes for nervousness. The first is financial. Those in Britain who know anything (not a large number), gravely fear that the party is over, that Britain's credit is exhausted. Memories of the Republican Coolidge prompt the fear that the new regime in Washington may possibly attach some highly disagreeable conditions to any concessions that might be made. "They hired the money, didn't they?" said Coolidge, words that in Britain were considered more barbarous than ever uttered since *Delenda est Carthago.*

The apprehension has been increased by the trade figures of last year. At the time of devaluation Harold Wilson said Britain had escaped from a straitjacket and would use her new-found liberty to make giant strides towards solvency. In 1968 there was a deficit of £700 million, the last month being notably bad. Undisclosed but very large sums have been spent and are still being spent in maintaining the new parity. One straitjacket has been exchanged for another, to the anger and contemptuous derision of Enoch Powell, who speaks on fixed parity with the voice of Milton Friedman. Those who are concerned with the burden of repayment are increasingly unhappy, but the great majority are quite astonishingly not concerned at all. The difference between a loan and a gift has not yet sunk in. There is no sense of danger or urgency. It seems that nothing but an almighty shock will bring the people to a realization of their position. Washington might provide that shock.

In foreign affairs the Left finds two opposite causes for apprehension. The first is the fear that Washington may retreat into isolationism, but that is not taken so seriously as the fear that Washington may strive to build up a decisive military superiority over the USSR and then use that advantage to Russia's discomfiture. To all enlightened people, and by no means all of them are Socialists, this is an utterly shocking prospect. It is held to be America's duty to provide a shield for the West but not a sword.

Richard Nixon was fortunate in this respect that he came to office immediately after an immense upsurge in American prestige. It would be impossible to exaggerate the impression that the Apollo flight made in Britain. The smoothness and precision of the entire operation was respectfully noted even by those most blissfully ignorant of the complexities involved. This was in contrast with what at least seemed to be the sporadic nature of the Russian space spectaculars. But, above all, the British were impressed with the *quietness* of the whole affair. There was no bragging before, during or after the flight. From ground control to the astronauts themselves nobody said a word out of place, and the unflurried calm of the astronauts and the modesty of their bearing showed that they were not men of stature only in space, but were of equal and superlative quality in the ordinary business of life. To a people fed with endless stories of American vulgarities and violence, these men recalled another America of sober dignity, responsibility and dedication to duty.

The British responded eagerly. Apart from the bitter and obdurate anti-Americans, most people in this island are ambivalent in their attitude to the United States. They will be scornfully critical one day and sympathetic the next. It is a long time since H. G. Wells pointed out that the British are critical of America because they cannot in their hearts accept that Americans are foreigners. But underneath, the British *want* to believe in the nobler America and here was living witness that it was more than a dream. The coupling of the Russian capsules had nothing like the same effect, partly because the people have grown tired of Russian secrecy and partly because it has been done before, with unmanned capsules, which is more difficult.

THE TRUE CONTRAST which bit deep was between Apollo and *Queen Elizabeth II,*

That fatal and perfidious barque
Built i' the eclipse and rigged with curses dark

Built to assert British maritime supremacy, this proud vessel is lying at Southampton as derelict is if it had been torpedoed. The causes of this abysmal fiasco are multifarious, but they are symptomatic of the whole country. "Clyde-built" was at one time both a boast and a guarantee which was accepted everywhere. So was "safe as the Bank of England." What has happened to one guarantee has happened to the other. It is not only Britain's financial credit that has run out. □

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WILL YOU WIN THE TITLE "PROPHET OF THE YEAR" AND $500.00?

ONCE AGAIN, NATIONAL REVIEW offers its readers and friends the chance to play prophet—and, perhaps, to win $500.00. That's the prize earmarked for the winner of our 1969 "Prophet of the Year" contest. A second prize of $250.00 and a third prize of $100.00 will also be awarded.

IT'S EASY TO ENTER—simply mark each statement on the entry form opposite "True" or "False," as your ouija board, tea leaves, sixth sense (or whatever) suggests. Fill in the rest of the form, send it to us, and start watching the headlines to see how your prophecies turn out.

BUT ACT NOW—all entries must be postmarked no later than March 15, 1969, to be eligible. The form opposite, or a facsimile thereof, is a valid entry form. The winner will be named as soon after December 31, 1969, as entries can be graded. Judges will be the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, and their decision will be final. In the event of a tie or ties, the entry with the closest-to-correct answer to the tie-breaking question will be the winner. (Employees of NATIONAL REVIEW and associated enterprises, and their families, are not eligible to enter; the contest is void where prohibited by law.)

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CONTESTANT'S NAME *(please print)* _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Assuming the date to be December 31, 1969, mark each of the following statements "True" or "False" by placing an X in the proper box:

	TRUE	FALSE
1 The membership of Richard Nixon's cabinet is not identical with the starting lineup.	☐	☐
2 Enoch Powell has been expelled from the Conservative Party.	☐	☐
3 The UN General Assembly approved a resolution to admit Communist China to UN membership.	☐	☐
4 No single motion picture won more than five academy awards.	☐	☐
5 The Suez Canal remains closed to navigation.	☐	☐
6 US astronauts have landed on the moon and returned to earth.	☐	☐
7 At least one college or university president or dean was shot during 1969.	☐	☐
8 J. Edgar Hoover is no longer head of the FBI.	☐	☐
9 The franc has been devalued by 5 per cent or more.	☐	☐
10 The **New York Times** is publishing a political cartoon on its daily editorial page.	☐	☐
11 Johnny Carson is no longer host of the "Tonight" show.	☐	☐
12 The price of gold on the London market exceeds $42 an ounce.	☐	☐
13 The New York Giants beat the New York Jets in their preseason exhibition game.	☐	☐
14 Jacqueline Onassis gave birth to a baby in 1969.	☐	☐
15 At least one of the following is no longer a head of government: Francisco Franco, Charles de Gaulle, Mao Tse-tung.	☐	☐
16 John V. Lindsay has been reelected Mayor of New York City.	☐	☐
17 At least two of the following died in 1969: Bertrand Russell, Antonio Salazar, Harry S. Truman, Pablo Casals, Pablo Picasso.	☐	☐
18 President Nixon has appointed at least two justices to the Supreme Court.	☐	☐
19 Of the following magazines, at least one is no longer being published: **Avant-Garde, US News & World Report, Town & Country, Harpers,** the **Nation.**	☐	☐
20 The Dow-Jones Industrial Index is higher than it was on December 31, 1968.	☐	☐
21 Nguyen Van Thieu is still head of the South Vietnamese government.	☐	☐
22 At least two of the following are in jail: Jerry Rubin, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Eldridge Cleaver, Muhammad Ali, Odinga Oginga.	☐	☐
23 25,000 or more foreign troops remain in Czechoslovakia.	☐	☐
24 It still costs six cents to mail a first class letter.	☐	☐
25 New York City public schools have been closed at least once because of labor or staff disputes.	☐	☐

In the event of a tie, the entry with the closest answer to the following question will be the winner:

According to the latest Publisher's Sworn Statement, the circulation of **National Review** *Magazine is* _____.

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RUSSELL KIRK

ON REREADING FULLER

FROM THE ACADEMY

There is a Type, friends, who keeps Book-of-the-Month-Club selections on his coffee table; and when such a one inquires of me what good books I've read lately, I reply without hesitation, *The Holy State* and *The Profane State*. It's perfectly true: I've been reading those books these three decades, for I never tire of Thomas Fuller.

Thomas Fuller, born in Northamptonshire in 1608, was the wittiest of English divines, with the possible exceptions of Sidney Smith and Lawrence Sterne; and, unlike Sterne and Smith, he took his religion earnestly. The *States* (one book, really), with Fuller's *Worthies of England* and *Church History* (still in print, though fairly costly) remain wise and witty.

For a clergyman, Fuller enjoyed a lively career. Graduated from Cambridge in 1625, he became a prependary of Salisbury in 1631. In this same year, his first book appeared, and he wrote with industry the rest of his life, much to the profit of booksellers. Whimsical and ingenious as a preacher, full of conceits and apothegms as a writer, he united real learning with intellectual acuity and good humor. Fuller never lacked for courage, and so did not hesitate to look up with reverence to anointed kings.

Suspected of Puritanical leanings on certain heads, and always hard upon Popery, still Fuller suffered manfully for church and king during the Civil War. With the Restoration, Fuller was appointed chaplain in extraordinary to Charles II. He died of typhus in 1661. Big and jovial in person, glowing with a cheerful devotion to the Church of England, Fuller knew nearly all the men of letters of his time.

"Wit was the stuff and substance of Fuller's intellect," Coleridge says. "It was the element, the earthen base, the material which he worked in; and this very circumstance has defrauded him of his due praise for the practical wisdom of the thoughts, for the beauty and variety of the truths, into which he shaped the stuff. Fuller was incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced, great man of an age that boasted a galaxy of great men."

The Holy State and *The Profane State* is, or are, a collection of characters—a type of literary undertaking common enough in the seventeenth century. But it is distinguished by an infectious wit and by shrewd insights into human nature, and remains almost unique for its curious interweaving of quaint conceit and penetrating aphorism. The original edition, divided into five books, is devoted chiefly to descriptions of worthy lives and types of life; the concluding book sets off against these some types and examples of deplorable existence. The latter are perhaps the more lively, but Fuller contrives to introduce into the most solemn instances of godly conduct—without irreverence—a waggish humor.

Fuller's end was to provide his generation with models of public and private conduct. After the social revolution of Tudor times, England had not recovered norms and society was menaced by radical leveling doctrines that Fuller abhorred. The better to make his models and exemplars vivid, Fuller chose particular eminent lives to parallel the general descriptions of the holy state, in many cases.

In the middle of his volume, Tom Fuller, B.D., inserts "General Rules" governing the conduct of life—all of them bursting with original turns of phrase and thought. One instance, his opening remark on Moderation, Fuller's own conspicuous virtue: "Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues. . . . Moderation is not a halting betwixt two opinions, when the thorough believing of one of them is necessary to salvation: no pity is to be shown to such voluntary cripples."

Fuller has his crochets. Poor St. Joan of Arc he bundles into a tumbril with the Harlot, Caesar Borgia and the Witch of Endor.

Though he followed earlier masters in his biographical method, he improved much upon them; what he commences in *The Holy State*, he makes nearly perfect in his *Worthies*. Fancy is woven into his portraits, and in *Andronicus* we see hints of the historical novel, not to become full-grown until a century and a half later.

Of the lives, I like "Caesar Borgia" best: Borgia, "perfect in the devilish art of dealing an ill turn, doing it so suddenly his enemies should not hear of him before; and so soundly, that he should never hear of them afterwards, either striking always surely, or not at all." Some of the types—among them the Good Schoolmaster and the Wise Statesman—are nearly as exemplary today as they were in Fuller's century.

There is craft in Fuller's very puns. He would "extort laughter from a bishop at a funeral," Leslie Stephen writes. "His power of fascinating posthumous as well as contemporary friends is easily explicable. His unfailing playfulness, the exuberant wit, often extravagant, rarely ineffective, and always unforced, is combined with a kindliness and simplicity which never fails to charm."

HAD I BUT world enough and time, I would choose to be Tom Fuller Redivivus. Now and again have I contemplated a Kirk Work to be entitled *Fantastics and Charlatans of the Twentieth Century*: Ayn Rand, Ron Hubbard, Estes Kefauver, Adam Clayton Powell, Bertrand Russell (latterly fantastic, "an old painted pantaloon," though no charlatan), Elijah Muhammad, Alfred Kinsey, etc., etc. But I keep postponing their torment; let them breathe another day; too kindhearted for my own good.

Still, the thing ought to be done by somebody. Read Fuller, and you'll see why and how. □

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The Founders and the Fifth

C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS

Origins of the Fifth Amendment
By Leonard W. Levy
Oxford, $12.50

Some recent judicial exaltations of the Fifth Amendment call history as their witness. Of the Fifth Amendment "it is peculiarly true," according to the late Justice Frankfurter, "that a page of history is worth a volume of logic." These invocations of history have always puzzled me. The only Supreme Court opinion in which there is a serious exposition of the history of the Fifth Amendment, *Twining* v. *New Jersey*, decided in 1908, demonstrates most persuasively to me, at least, the validity of the conclusion that the Court reached in that case: viz., that the Founding Fathers regarded the privilege against self-incrimination as expedient, but not as a fundamental right. According to the ruling in that case, the State of New Jersey, not deeming the privilege expedient, might constitutionally reject it.

In the opinion from which the quotation from Justice Frankfurter has been taken, there is no attempt to show fault in *Twining* v. *New Jersey*, or to recount the history upon which their interpretations of the Amendment as made in those cases are professedly based. Professor Levy is an historian not a lawyer. His work is an historical one, not a legal treatise. He fully embraces the mystique which has surrounded the Fifth Amendment in the last fifteen years. I settled down with *Origins of the Fifth Amendment*, of which the text is 441 pages long, with 76 additional pages of notes in small type, to read that history which would not only be worth 517 volumes of logic but also would, presumably, show the character of the Amendment as a fundamental right, and justify the recent rhapsodic references to it and the sweeping interpretations given it. I was searching for the history which had been overlooked by the Supreme Court in *Twining* v. *New Jersey*, but had, perchance, been discovered, albeit not reported, by the Supreme Court in its decisions of the last few years.

If one is to regard the history of the Fifth Amendment as a detailed account of what happened to men who refused to testify against themselves from 1537 to 1789, here it can be found in full measure, though told in a somewhat pedestrian style. On the other hand, the book fails to provide understanding narration of those events which would throw light on what the Fifth Amendment meant to the people who enacted it insofar as is relevant to its interpretation today. Reading between the lines, some evidence on that subject does nevertheless appear, admissions against interest, so to speak.

THERE ARE TWO FEATURES of late eighteenth-century law essential to an understanding of what the Amendment was intended to accomplish. First, at that time there was a rule of evidence according to which a *witness* could, in any proceeding, civil, criminal or legislative, refuse to make any answer which had the effect of self-incrimination. Second, and again in any civil or criminal case, a *party* was not permitted to testify, and could not be required to do so. This second rule is difficult to grasp today when so many trials turn on the relative credibility of the respective parties. But in those times the party's interest in the outcome was deemed so great that his testimony was not accepted.

Now the Fifth Amendment did not broadly adopt the witness' privilege as it then was; it merely provides that "no person . . . shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself." This appears to mean, and has been shown by Professor Lewis Mayers in a masterly presentation, to have meant to its framers, and to the judiciary generally for many years thereafter, that the accused in a criminal case cannot be required to testify. It was *not* a "constitutionalization" of the privilege enjoyed by a witness under the then existing law of evidence.

Professor Levy is determined to prove the contrary. In his effort, he necessarily belittles the very Founding Fathers whose wisdom we are expected to admire. George Mason, who drew and sponsored the Virginia Bill of Rights (to Section Eight of which the phraseology of the Fifth Amendment corresponds), was, we are told by Professor Levy, guilty of "bad draftsmanship"; Jefferson, who prepared the rights section of the Constitution proper, was "unbelievably more thoughtless" (than Mason); and Madison, who drew the Fifth Amendment, failed to understand its language.

But the full fury of Professor Levy's wrath is reserved for the hapless Professor Mayers who "bases his historical background on thin air and perverse logic" and makes allegations "without a shred of proof." I, on the contrary, found the scholarship of Professor Mayers most thorough. My conclusion is fortified by the praise accorded the scholarship of Professor Mayers by former Dean Griswold of the Harvard Law School, now Solicitor-General of the United States. Dean Griswold, an eminent legal scholar to begin with, is a champion of the Fifth Amendment as currently construed by the Supreme Court and is in disagreement with Professor Mayers as to what should be done now. Praise from such a source is praise indeed. →

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The reason for Professor Levy's displeasure is that if the Founding Fathers knew how to say what they meant, two conclusions follow: first, that the privilege constitutionally applies only to the accused in criminal cases; second, that the Fifth Amendment as adopted meant precisely nothing, because the accused at that time could not testify even if he wanted to. Once more, to my comfort, Dean Griswold concurs. He is puzzled why, under such circumstances, the Amendment should have been enacted at all.

CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, however, despite respectful references to history, the Supreme Court has now, in the teeth of history, construed the Fifth Amendment as effectuating what was in the late eighteenth century the witness' privilege not to incriminate himself in any proceeding—criminal, civil, legislative, investigatory, whatever, as distinguished from the right of the accused in a criminal case to remain silent.

What to do? The present belief of the legal profession—universally accepted so far as I am aware—is that the party to a civil case, far from being disqualified, is the best of all witnesses. His interest in the outcome can be taken into account by the jury or other trier of fact. Not only is the party eligible to testify at the trial, but he can be compelled to testify in advance of trial so that his adversary is apprised beforehand what his testimony at the trial will be and may obtain admissions which may be helpful in the adversary's preparation for trial. In other words, a party's testimony in civil cases both prior to and at the trial is, without substantial dissent, regarded as a most useful if not indispensable tool in the ascertainment of truth.

Although theoretically the defendant in a criminal case might constitutionally examine before trial the prosecution's witnesses, such a one-sided procedure will never be adopted so long as the Fifth Amendment stands in its present form, meaning in effect that both parties must be denied pre-trial discovery. Thus this invaluable method of learning truth is available to neither side in a criminal case. Quite apart from the difficulties imposed on the prosecution, the deprivation of this procedure, taken for granted in civil cases, is a heavy burden on the innocent defendant. In a study made several years ago by the late Judge Frank of cases in which it was eventually recognized that the defendant had been wrongly convicted, Judge Frank's conclusion was that pre-trial discovery would have avoided these miscarriages of justice. In none of the cases did he find a disregard of the defendant's constitutional rights.

No persuasive demonstration has ever been made that the Fifth Amendment can help an innocent defendant. No one denies that it handicaps the prosecution as well as the innocent defendant. It is inconsistent with present concepts for determining the truth. I am among those who believe that it should be repealed.

Professor Levy is a professor at Brandeis University, named for the eminent Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis. Towards the close of his career on the Supreme Court, and in the full ripeness of his experience and wisdom, Justice Brandeis joined the distinguished Justices Hughes, Stone, Roberts and others in an opinion written by Justice Cardozo in substance recommending that the Fifth Amendment be repealed. Let us hope that after further reflection Professor Levy will go along with his own particular Founding Father. □

Rights in Conflict: A report submitted by Daniel Walker, Director of the Chicago Study Team, to the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence
New American Library, 59¢

STICKING THE PIGS

JEAN JEFFRIES

Most people who read *Rights in Conflict* will understand why Mayor Daley praised it. Beginning at Page 1, the Report provides a vivid account of what the Chicago police found themselves confronted with in August 1968. It fills in the contextual voids left by network television coverage and humanizes the cops, even the minority of cops who reacted savagely. Although Daniel Walker's Summary of the Report devotes almost all of its space to the documentation and condemnation of a "police riot," that phrase occurs only once in the Report proper, and then not as a description of what actually happened, but as a prediction made in early August by a Yippie. (He forecast twenty or thirty deaths and 6,000 arrests.) Still, in these catchword days, the cockleburr "police riot" will probably stick.

The Walker Summary is interesting because it is a linear equivalent of the network coverage of the disorders, and as such it illustrates how the camera can simultaneously show it like it is, and lie. One example: The full Report tells how, on Wednesday night, two fire engines stopped on Van Buren Street to extinguish a fire that had been set in a street trash basket. Two police wagons followed, and the smaller of the two was stoned and rocked back and forth by demonstrators. One witness says that after the driver finally charged wildly out of the wagon, "about ten people jumped on him. He was kicked

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RANDOM NOTES

■ STRANGER THAN . . . In the spring crop of novels: Edwin Corley's *Siege*, in which 50,000 black militants take over Manhattan, isolate it and hold it for ransom (Stein & Day, May, $6.95). . . . Charles Webb's *Love, Roger* is by the author of *The Graduate*, which is a pretty good start (Houghton, $4.95). . . . *Friday*, by Michel Tournier, retells the Defoe story with some twists; at rescue-time Crusoe decides to stay behind and Friday deserts to civilization (Doubleday, April, $4.95). . . . Chris Kazan (Elia's son) has done *Mouth Full of Sugar*, about a grotesque gubernatorial campaign in a very Southern state (Stein & Day, $5.95).

The non-hero of *A Dirty Mind Never Sleeps*, by Max Wilk, devotes his life to bugging the homes (and love lives) of innocent families, in the name of science (Norton, May, $4.95). . . . Uglier even is the central character of *Ratman's Notebooks*, by Stephen Gilbert, who finds he likes rats and vice versa and so trains them first to harass his enemies, then to commit major crimes, then— (Viking, May, $4.95). . . . Robin Cook's *Private Parts in Public Places* is a look at the current English social scene (Atheneum, $4.95).

■ OLD HANDS: Experienced practitioners of the craft have been busy, too. John Cheever's *Bullet Park* is about the relationship between Eliot Nailles and Paul Hammer, but is not facetious (Knopf, $5.95). . . . Nabokov's next is *Ada*, full of hanky-panky between cousins, uncles etc. (McGraw-Hill, August, $7.95) and a facsimile of the Russian edition of *King, Queen, Knave* (McGraw-Hill, May, $14.95). . . . *The Third Eye* is the concluding book in Etienne Leroux's Silberstein trilogy (Houghton, $4.95).

In *Fools' Parade*, Davis Grubb has three just-ex-cons trying to cash a $25,000 check, quite honestly come by (World, April, $5.95). . . . Hans Hellmut Kirst's *Last Stop Camp 7* concerns Nazi war criminals in a camp with a Jewish superintendent (Coward, June, $5.95). . . . *I Want It Now!* is Kingsley Amis' story of another Bright Young Englishman on the make (Harcourt, $5.75). . . . Genghis Cohn, Romain Gary's ex-Nazi possessed by the *dybbuk* of a Jew, returns in *The Guilty Head* (World, July, $5.95).

■ DIRT! Among this season's soft-cover, hard-core smut are the likes of *The Leather Lovers*, *The Body Abusers*, *Gay Teen Girls*, *The Insatiable Claudette*, *The Twisted Drives of Victoria McCall* and *The Sex Tenants at 327 Venable Street*.

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pretty severely and was downed. When he got up he was missing his club and his hat." At about this time, a police commander recalls, the officer inside the van radioed for help and reported that demonstrators were standing on the hood of his wagon, "preparing to smash the windshield with a baseball bat," while the driver "was hanging on the door in a state of shock."

The Summary picks up the action at this point and states flatly that "the violence" *began* when policemen responded to this distress call. It quotes a U.S. Attorney's description of the cops' reaction, but omits the part of his statement that explains what they were reacting *to*:

> A big group ran west on Jackson, with a group of blue-shirted policemen in pursuit, beating at them with clubs. Some of the crowd would jump into doorways and the police would rout them out. The action was very tough. In my judgment, unnecessarily so. The police were hitting with a vengeance and quite obviously with relish. . . .

The witness' complete statement is found on page 245: "The police were hitting with a vengeance and quite obviously with relish because of what had happened to the men in the van." Like the network cameras, the Summary is focused on the rising and falling of nightsticks and on little else.

The full Report, then, supplies the crucial context. Of the famous episode in front of the Hilton Hotel, it records several circumstances that one should perhaps file away for the next time the NBC videotape is shown. Namely: Vice President Humphrey was inside the Hilton that evening, and "the police commanders were afraid that the crowd might either attempt to storm the hotel or march south on Michigan Avenue, ultimately to the Amphitheater." An arson attempt had been made in a Hilton stairwell the day before. The policemen, outnumbered at least ten to one by the crowd, had been working fifteen-hour shifts all week. If they looked at the "vast, virtually encircling congregation" and saw a mob, they weren't the only ones who did. The Reverend Ralph Abernathy reportedly asked the police to lead the Poor People's mule train out of the area "as he feared for the safety of his group." An ACLU member called it "a violent crowd that came to fight and was looking for trouble." And the writer of this section of the Report at one point refers to the crowd as "ugly."

ONE BIG EYE-OPENER in the Report is presented as a throwaway. While negotiating arrangements for their Festival of Life with city officials, the Yippies, we are matter-of-factly informed, offered to "drop the whole thing for $200,000."

Over-all, the Yippies emerge not as hedonistic dropouts but as very smart propagandists who engage in a Marshall McLuhan type of guerrilla warfare they call the Theater of Disruption. The Report quotes Abbie Hoffman:

> You got a TV set? That's a jungle. You think that gives a s- - - about words, lineal concepts? We get on that tube . . . we get information out, and our information is heavy, and it sticks. . . .

At Chicago, what happened was not important, only the *appearance* of what happened. The radical newspaper *Guardian* shrewdly called the militants' direct action strategy there "a little Tet Offensive." Most people have forgotten the civilians buried alive by the VC during Tet, but not the destruction of Hué or the execution of a guerrilla by the Saigon police chief.

This is not to say that Chicago was an organized guerrilla raid. Mob behavior is improvisational theater. Sometimes it's scary. On Sunday afternoon, before anybody's head had been cracked, demonstrators in Lincoln Park were already calling policemen "pigs" and questioning their wives' sexual fidelity. One cop was reportedly presented with an excrement sandwich. And then, because of a genuine misunderstanding over the parking of a truck, this happened:

> One man stood in front of the truck and yelled: "Don't let the truck out!" The man was arrested and taken to a wagon some fifty feet away. Meantime, a long-haired, young man blocked the path of the wagon. He was yelling to the crowd: "Sit in front of the paddy wagon!" Also he urged the crowd to "Get in close!" and "Get their guns!" When two plainclothesmen moved to arrest the young man, the crowd yelled: "Let him alone! Let him alone!" The youth struggled vigorously and persons in the crowd tried to intervene. The plainclothesmen, grasping the youth, were escorted by a

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group of uniformed police away from the truck.

The officers intended to get the man away from the crowd and then release him. A large section of the crowd followed and some of them screamed: "Kill the pigs!" "F--- the pigs!" "Gestapo pigs!"

As the police moved, the youth screamed that he was bleeding and tried to escape. A heckler was seized by uniformed police and moved away also. As the officers reached the top of the north-south knoll, they broke into a run. But the crowd started to run also. The police appeared shaken by the aggressiveness of the crowd, some of whom yelled: "Pig, pig, fascist pig!" "Pigs eat s---! Pigs eat s---!" and "Kill the pig, flush him out, bring him in!" a cry from *Lord of the Flies*, one of the novels most popular on college and high school campuses in recent years.

In *Lord of the Flies* the hunters among the planewrecked schoolboys don't want to return to civilization, they want only to kill pigs and "feast and have fun." Two boys, one named Piggy, are murdered by the young mob. In the end a third is barely saved by the arrival of a naval officer who represents adult authority from the civilized world.

Daniel Walker's Summary asks for a public condemnation and disciplining by city authorities of the minority of policemen who violated "sound police procedures and common decency," but it fails to criticize even by implication those among the demonstrators who were violent. □

The Lawrenceville Stories
By Owen Johnson
Simon & Schuster, $7.50

Stover at Yale
By Owen Johnson
Collier-Macmillan, $1.50

ADOLESCENCE IS A SERIOUS BUSINESS

JARED C. LOBDELL

Almost certainly I am one of the few in my generation to have been brought up on Dink Stover—not to mention the various works of G. A. Henty, Burt L. Standish, and whoever it was wrote the never-ending saga of the Rover Boys. But long ago someone borrowed my copies of *The Prodigious Hickey*, *The Varmint*, and *The Tennessee Shad*, and I have not seen them since. With their republication in this volume, I returned to them after an absence of a decade and a half, to find them just as good, just as enjoyable, and—what surprised me more—just as accurate as I remembered them. For make no mistake, these are the best boys' stories ever written. And this is true in a double sense, for not only are they stories for and about boys, but about boys and for adults, who may—I hope will—read or re-read them with nostalgia and with the realization that this volume embodies a shrewd and perceptive account of the process of adolescence.

The process of adolescence is, in fact, precisely what *The Varmint* is about. The other two books are about the high spots, the great exploits, in a word the legends of prep school life—the theft of the bell-clapper, the experiment in political education on the part of Brotherly-love Baldwin, the staging of the "Professional Featherweight Championship of Mercer County"—and, to be sure, in the course of telling these stories they also tell a good deal about the adolescent condition. But because the chief figures in them are remembered and not imagined, they are in a sense not so much literature as a kind (a very good kind) of journalism. And, paradoxically, because Dink Stover, the Varmint, is not a remembered portrait (though I have heard it said he was modeled on the great Yale end, James Shevlin), but an imagined or combined one, his is the greater life, and *The Varmint* to my mind the single classic of the three books reprinted in this volume.

STOVER AT YALE completes, as *The Varmint* starts, the best American story I know of a man's development "out of the dirtied, hopeless cocoon of the boy." In a sense the two books are parallel, for as *The Varmint* begins with Stover knowing all things when he arrives at Lawrenceville in mid-term after expulsion from Miss Wandell's Select Academy, so in the beginning of *Stover at Yale* Dink acts "with the deliberate *savoir-faire* of the complete man of the world he had become at the terrific age of eighteen": and as at the end of *The Varmint* Dink deliberately accepts the responsibility for guiding the futures of his Lawrenceville subordinates, and the Roman rejoices to see the man come forth from the boy's cocoon, so at the end of *Stover at Yale*, Dink has fought his fight for "freedom of his mind and his will" and we are given to understand that he has deliberately accepted his responsibility as a member of a society where Yale men can indeed be leaders, but only if they cut themselves free from the cocoon of Yale.

It is ironic, certainly, that what is conceived (if any book is) to be the typical prep school story preaches—though there is little aura of preaching about it—the glories of a spontaneous democracy, and realizes that prep schools ought to build character through that democratic interaction. But surely, no man who has considered the matter can doubt this, any more than he could doubt that "it is the boy whose energy must explode periodically and often disastrously . . . who is really the most worthwhile"—that is both a truism of prep school masters and a statement of the human condition, so long as we inhabit a social world.

I MAY BE TAKEN to task for being serious about such an altogether delightful book, but adolescence is a serious business, and to have written perceptively of it in any form is no mean achievement. *Catcher in the Rye* is a minor masterpiece, and I am astonished to find in these republished novels a statement, a description, an understanding of adolescence which says more to me than, and is at least as good as (barring only the reticence about sex, perhaps), Salinger's.

But perhaps this should not be astonishing, and certainly is no more ironic than the fact that the sequel, *Stover at Yale*, which is supposed by many to be the typical Ivy League college story, centers around the abolition of the sophomore societies and around one man's attempt to find himself *in spite of the barriers* (though with the help of the advantages) Yale has put in his way, or than the fact that this sequel closes with an affirmation that should be more widely heard in these days, as in 1910:

> "I'm not satisfied with Yale as a magnificent factory on democratic business lines. I dream of something else, something visionary, a great institution . . . of men, of brains, of courage, of leadership, a great center of thought, to stir the country and bring it back to the understanding of what man creates with his imagination and dares with his will."

Why reprint Owen Johnson? Why,

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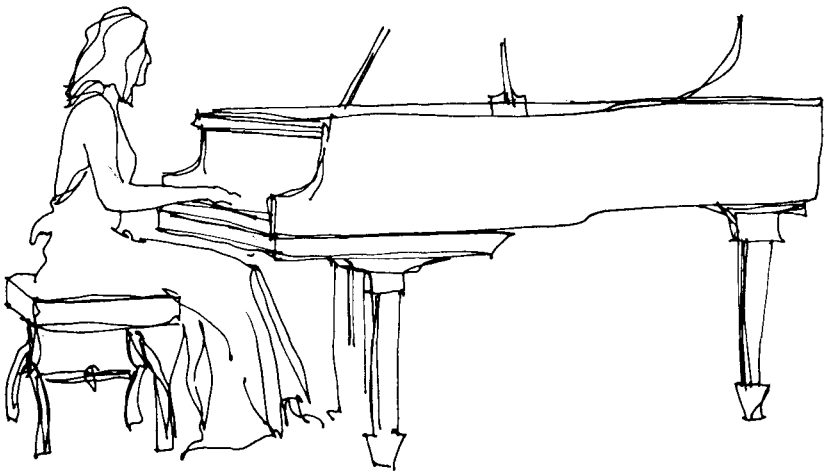
because of the kind of prescience involved here and also and especially because of his understanding, clear and sympathetic, of the process of growing up. Also, of course, because the books were good reading, and it does not seem to me that they have become dated. □

MUSIC

THE LITTLE LADY FROM SPAIN

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER



Alicia de Larrocha gave an evening of piano music at Carnegie Hall in New York City this winter. I was there, and I shall never be the same. I had drenched myself in her recordings already (NATIONAL REVIEW, Feb. 13, 1968) but there had always remained the nagging quiver of doubt: Were those resonances the special result of modern technique in the recording room, was that clarity brought about by the clever placing of the microphone against the sound box?

The recordings I reported upon earlier are honest. From twenty rows back in the audience I can report that the little lady from Spain is exactly the marvel she seemed to be in her recordings—and more. She has everything you could ask for in a pianist. Rhythm: it was the first time I had ever seen an audience react with what the anatomists call the gross postural muscles. Throughout the evening I studied the men and women in the seats around me as they waited for the pulsations of the music, hunching their shoulders and then relaxing them, jutting their heads ever so slightly forward in time with the major episodes, and (in myself, and in the man at my left) holding their breath during the codas.

ON HEARING HER recordings, I thought Alicia de Larrocha was a sovereign rhythmist, but I never understood what that meant until the other night at Carnegie Hall. She would raise that right paw of hers and *restrain it* above the keys time and time again until the audience could sense the impending crash of tone, intuit the climax visually as well as musically (for the left hand is maintaining an insistent uproar). It is like watching a cat setting itself for the pounce. It quivers, then it shudders, its intensity builds and builds, and then it crashes forward and nothing can stand in its way. Just so the rhythm of this lady. That hand hesitates in mid-air and three thousand people hold their breath. The things that happen to your psyche when she "drops the other shoe" are indescribable. You have to be there.

I make it sound contrived. Actually the rhythmic tricks she pulls are elegant and infinitely variable. The excitement is always the excitement of magisterial power subordinated to magisterial intellect. Intellect? Cold word. Better to say musicality, but that's an abstract word. In practical terms I'll tell you what her playing means. It means that if you go to hear her and set your mind to analyzing every little technical solution she exhibits, you will shortly find yourself awakening from a delirium of musical joy and reminding yourself that you have other "more serious" concerns.

She robs you of your expertise. I have myself heard her produce flute-tones with her thumb and bell-tones with the fingers of her right hand alone. Her instantaneous transition from plangent to lyrical in terraced Iberian music is unexampled. She filled Carnegie Hall with her left hand alone, in a Scriabin encore. All the while she sat at the keyboard still and quiet, and hardly lifted her hands above the level of the keys. She is so short and so small that her elbow hardly reaches the top of the woodwork of a concert grand, even when she wears high heels. In order to get both hands into the upper reaches of the keyboard she has to turn her body to the audience and stretch her arms straight out. Her hand barely grasps an octave. And she delivered up *Gaspard de la Nuit* like any good French girl twirling an omelette.

More: the unimpeachable Benedetto-Michelangeli had played *Gaspard* a couple of weeks earlier, and demonstrated his mastery of the instrument by enunciating the intricate score with coolness and aplomb. On top of coolness and aplomb the little lady from Spain added gusto, ferocity, dramaturgy, freedom, and what I can only describe as being in the very best sense of the word, Statement. She stated the music. At the end of *Scarbo* she had the audience holding its breath for fear she would expire.

FOR SHEER DRAMATICS, for variety, for excitement, there is no pianist now before the public to match this miraculous lady. If you can fly a thousand miles to hear her, bless your stars that you were given the opportunity. If she gets to within a thousand miles of you and you do not go to hear her, then you must kick yourself. I lose my head every now and then, and almost always in a good cause: believe me this time when I say you have the chance of a lifetime. Hear her, buy her records, lie in wait for her, sing her praises. She makes the others sound like schoolmarms, she makes the piano sing like choirs of angels, she takes music nobody ever played before and makes it sound like music everybody mistakenly overlooked. Really: a falling major sixth, under her hand, becomes a major revelation of harmonic knowledge.

There are no words for this. Those who love music will take to her immediately. Those who understand something of keyboard playing will bow their heads. She is all by herself, away up in the farthest reaches of the artists' heaven, and the rest of us may simply give thanks to God that we were given the chance to hear her. □

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ART

BLACK MAGIC AT THE MET

PHILIP P. ARDERY JR.

Fifteen months ago, Thomas Hoving, the director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, announced that the Met would soon be turning over its main exhibition galleries to a show called "Harlem on My Mind." The idea was to record Harlem's cultural history, and, in the process, to isolate the special imagination of Harlem and put it on display for public viewing and appreciation. The Met felt that this project was urgent, something that had to be done before liberal bulldozers roll uptown and, in Hoving's words, "renew the heart out of Harlem before we look at what is there."

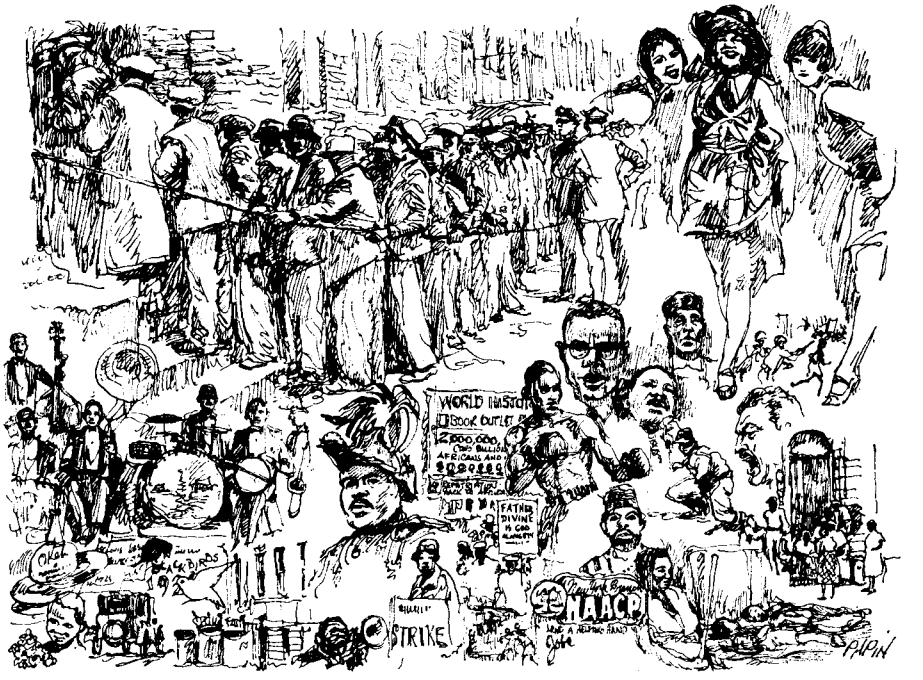
It is Hoving's own brand of liberalism that has brought this sociological exhibition—Met officials prefer to call it educational—to America's foremost art museum. That such a show does not belong in the Met is a point hardly worth making. If Hoving was seized, as he says he was, by the deep conviction to "tune in on something we've been tuned out on," then he should have tuned in on some neglected art. By giving over the walls of the Met to subject matter better suited for the editorial page, Hoving has thus far succeeded only in becoming the first director in Met history to mount a show that has insulted New York's Jews (the exhibition catalogue contained some antisemitic statements) and has lured vandals through the museum doors (some hoodlums, presumably in protest over Whitey's attempt to analyze the culture of blacks, carved defiant "H"s into ten canvases in the Met's permanent collection). If the primary intention of this project was to serve not the interests of art, nor of the Metropolitan, but of the community of Harlem, then the $250,000 that the Henry Luce Foundation donated to finance the exhibition could surely have been better spent elsewhere. But however misguided were the decisions that ultimately resulted in having "Harlem" put together, the show exists, and it will continue to inhabit the Met until April 6. Surely no one should stay away simply because this exhibition has found the wrong exhibitor.

The creator of "Harlem on My Mind" is Allon Schoener, who mounted the enormously successful "Portal to America: The Lower East Side" exhibition at New York's Jewish Museum in 1967. This time, Schoener had a difficult assignment, to capture something as elusive as the sensibility indigenous to Harlem and to record its accomplishments through seventy years. Perhaps any museum would have been the wrong place for such an undertaking, since Harlem's special imagination —this is really a synecdoche for the American Negro imagination—has never found expression in the visual arts. Harlem's own art is music, song, dance and occasional literature, all things that cannot be hung on a wall.

SCHOENER TRIED to circumvent this obstacle by covering up those blank, insistent walls with photographs and by eschewing conventional exhibiting techniques, relying instead on "multimedia." He has created, he says, "a communications environment — one that parallels our daily lives in which we are deluged with information stimuli. Images and sound—documentary in character—have been organized into a pattern of experiences recreating the history of Harlem as it happened." The media of Schoener's environment are the photographs, many of them blown up to bigger than life-size, films, slides, recordings of voices and street sounds, and music. The gallerygoer—he is expected to be more than a viewer—enters Harlem in 1900, when Southern Negroes first began to do the same, and twelve galleries and half an hour or an hour later, he walks out of Harlem Today and back into 1969 white America.

To give an ordered sense of forward movement to his story, Schoener has divided the years into packaged decades, each with its own galleries and its own theme. The divisions are often arbitrary and meaningless, but occasionally they contribute to the impact of the show: One is standing in the center of the last gallery given over to the Twenties (the theme, "A Black Urban Culture"). It is a large room, loud with the sounds of fast music. Slide projectors, clicking like snapping fingers, light up the walls with the bright labels of the hit records of the day, the projectors throwing the images faster than the eye can catch. On other screens, black chorus girls, wedged into sequined costumes, pose, parade and smile.

ONE SOAKS THIS IN, then moves out of the room, forward in time, through a long, narrow, dark corridor. There is no sound here. On the left, against the wall, is a life-sized photograph of black men standing in line, stacked up and crushed together against a restraining rope. One sees the same blank faces over and over all along the corridor because a single photographic print has been repeated fifteen or twenty times. At the end of this monotony, around two tight corners, one sees



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what these men are lined up for—an unemployment registration office. Here is the beginning of the Thirties, "Depression and Hard Times."

This particular juxtaposition is powerful and effective, but, interestingly, it is achieved by a device that is contrary to the principles of the multi-media technique. In multi-media, the different media are supposed to complement one another, sound, picture and the rest all aiming for the same effect, but in the transition from the Twenties to the Thirties, the sound of Harlem culture is distinctly upbeat while the picture of Harlem is grim. There is this same dichotomy between picture and sound where it is not intended in the show, in galleries where photographs and music coexist. The problem is that Harlem's creative spirit, transmitted by the sounds of its music, evokes a radically different response from that evoked by the economic realities of Harlem, reflected in the photographs. One senses that Schoener wanted all the elements of this exhibition to work together toward a moderately optimistic conclusion, but the camera, having no preconceptions or point of view, can show only what its lens sees. In Harlem, in all decades, this has been worn faces, broken-down tenements, and the other aspects of poverty. (Despite the implied exclusiveness of that long corridor, massive unemployment has, of course, been a Harlem problem not just in the depressed Thirties but in the gay Twenties and the militant Sixties as well.)

FUNKY SONGS and proud poems, piped in through the ceiling of the Met galleries, are absurdly inadequate in the context of the devastating photographs that shroud the walls. The negative power of the pictures is so much stronger than the affirmations of word and music that to suggest that Harlem's creative spirit is in any way a compensation for its material deprivations is to make a cruel joke. And yet this is what "Harlem on My Mind" wants to say. To have conceived of this exhibition, the planners must somehow have imagined a thriving black culture in isolation from the slums. One senses how this could have happened by envisioning Thomas Hoving at the stereo in an Upper East Side apartment, "tuning in" to the soul sounds of Aretha Franklin.

Schoener shares Hoving's naïve appreciation of the romanticized Harlem. "There is an urban black culture," Schoener proclaims in his foreword to the exhibition catalogue. "Harlem is its capital. White America's mores are not universal. . . . If the white community can stop expiating its guilt by rebuilding Harlem to mirror a white middle-class image, both black and white America will be happier."

THIS IS SILLY. Ask any ten Harlem residents and see whether they would prefer the life of the white middle class. If urban renewal worked, they would happily sacrifice the "heart" of their Harlem for a clean apartment. Schoener, acting on his own unreal assumptions, works hard to deny this, despite the sad evidence of the photographs. As one moves inside the exhibition, one comes to realize that the street sounds and the strobe-like effect of the slides are not devices to increase the viewer's understanding of Harlem, but rather noisy interruptions to distract him from the grim reality on the walls. They are a gloss to give the pretense of vitality to a community that is gasping for breath. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

REFLECTIONS ON MEN AND IDEAS, *by Giorgio de Santillana (MIT Press, $20.00).* There are writers who can put whole libraries between the covers of a single book, and Professor de Santillana, historian of science at MIT, is one of them. Moreover, he writes with skill and wit; he has examined everything. He has re-examined everything. His Leonardo and Newton are not quite the ones whose names we bandy about. His portraits of Volta, Toscanelli, and Galileo are really complete biographies miniaturized down to an elegance that loses nothing in the reduction. Fat is the universal disease of prose; de Santillana is as lean as a stake. The three essays on Fate, masterpieces of prose, prove that good dry thought can still have design as sharp as a Mondrian and can modulate a music of ideas as pleasing as a Brahms quartet. Most of these studies were made for the fifty-minute lecture and many of them for the inelastic pages of periodicals. Sense clarifies under compression. Prof. de Santillana has freed himself from the vicious notion of progress; the labyrinth of thought contains the astrologers of Ugarit as well as the mathematicians of Ulm. As philosophy continues to sound like something which men with nothing to think about can think about, and as practically all meaning drains from the magnificent word *Humanist,* it is both encouraging and exciting to see real knowledge diagrammed by real intellect. This is by no means a book for the specialist alone; its center must be somewhere near the inexplicable source of energy generated by curiosity—the mind wanting to know how and why. History sweeps its inexplicables under the carpet; Prof. de Santillana is an inspector of intellectual housekeeping (he thought of this humble image himself). A more informative image might be that of geographer, a master of the whereabouts and the boundaries of thought. Four of these 26 essays are in French, six in Italian. The binding is a disgrace. G. DAVENPORT

JAMES W. MARSHALL: A BIOGRAPHY, *by Theressa Gay (Talisman, $10.00).* James Wilson Marshall (1810-1885) was, for the first half of his life, a moderately successful carpenter with a taste for adventure, a farmer, a soldier in the Mexican War, indistinguishable from hundreds, even thousands, of other unsung Americans. But midway along the road that led from his birth in a substantial New Jersey farmhouse to his death in a California shack, Jim Marshall did something that few men have been given to do. On January 24, 1848 he substantially and irrevocably changed the course of American history. He recreated the legend of the earthly paradise and began the process, not yet complete, whereby the *mores* of the American West have superseded those of the East. In a sentence, he discovered gold at Sutter's Mill and created the myth of California. It was, of course, a kind of triumph—he had been looking for gold, and he found it—and for millions it held out the prospect of a better world. But much more than triumph, it was tragedy for him. In the course of a year, he was hounded by other prospectors who thought he could divine the presence of gold, and narrowly escaped death at their hands when he could not. He interfered on behalf of the local Indians in a dispute with the miners (an act everlastingly to his credit) and was nearly lynched for his pains. His Mexican title to his land was disallowed. When, after a time, he turned to raising grapes, growers with greater resources forced him out of business. A pension was reluctantly granted him by the state, and withdrawn when it was discovered he used a portion of the money to buy liquor. A lecture tour was arranged, and failed because Marshall was no lecturer. Flaws in his character that might not have mattered in a carpenter and viniculturalist were ruinous in the discoverer of California's gold. The book (an exhaustively documented, thirty years' labor of love) can be read—despite a somewhat stodgy style—as an Aristotelian tragedy in nineteenth-century America. J. C. LOBDELL

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DELECTATIONS

Bangkok Revisited

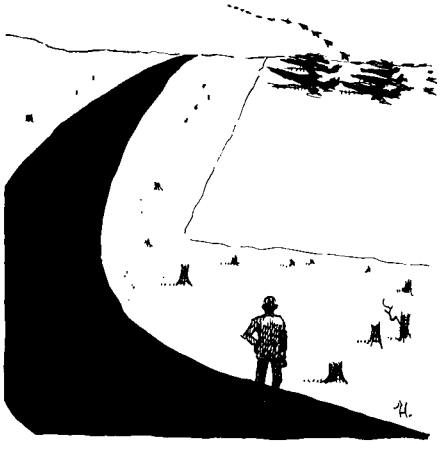
ALEC WAUGH

"You'll be terribly disappointed. You'll find it spoilt. It isn't the place it was." I have heard that said about so many places. Capri. Tangier. Hong Kong. "You ought to have come ten years ago." But usually I have not paid much attention to those warnings. Tahiti may have been more romantic in the days of Melville, but in 1927 it retained enough of its old magic to hold me entranced. Yet even so it was with some misgivings that I revisited Bangkok last November. I had not been there for four years, and a great deal had happened in that interval. The Vietnam war had escalated. Most of the American bombers were now based in Thailand. Wide arterial roadways had been constructed. One of Bangkok's greatest and most individual charms had been the network of canals along which and on which half its population lived. Many of these canals had been filled in, and the trees that had lined and shaded them had been cut down. Not only the appearance but the climate of the city had been changed, with the heavy sunlight reflected from solid concrete. Not only had Bangkok become an R-and-R center for the troops in Vietnam, but the tourist boom had included Bangkok as a five-day "must" in every package holiday. Every hotel, every restaurant, was crowded.

On my first evening, it looked as though my misgivings might be justified. I was staying, as I always have, in the Oriental, the riverside hotel where Somerset Maugham, 45 years ago and on a bed of sickness, had devised the fairy tale that embellished *A Gentleman in the Parlour*. The welcome was as warm as ever; the view of the river was the same. There were the same towering palm trees on the lawn. The two-storied façade bore the words "Oriental Hotel" in antique lettering; at the back of it rose the tall rectangular block that had gone up early in 1958, but in front were the two classical statues with uplifted lamps. Yes, it all looked the same, but in my letterbox was a warning signal in the shape of a note from the head of the British Council whom I had invited to either lunch or dinner. He accepted for dinner. Lunch, he said, was no longer possible. The traffic was so fierce that he could not get down from his office and back within the regulation two hours. When we met he told me that each day he did two hours' driving in an un-airconditioned car. With the heat, the noise, the traffic jams, it imposed an unendurable drain upon his vitality.

During the next week I was to appreciate the extent and nature of his problem. On previous visits I had seen "all the sights" but as I was engaged in writing a book on Bangkok, I had to refresh my memory, so I joined a sequence of city tours. The Oriental was the hotel furthest from the center; in consequence excursions had to begin and end there. For me, each trip was preceded and concluded by a half hour's drive through drab, dreary and congested streets, as the coach collected and deposited other tourists.

Eighty years ago, King Chulalongkorn, because he enjoyed driving in the cool of the evening in his green electric car, constructed a number of wide avenues, connecting his various palaces. Fifty years ago they had seemed purposeless. Maugham said of them, "They are handsome, spacious and stately, shaded by trees, the deliberate adornment of a great city devised by a king anxious to have an imposing seat, but they have no reality. There is something



stagey about them, so that you feel they are more apt for court pageants than for the use of every day. No one walks in them. They seem to await ceremonies and processions. They are like the deserted avenues in the park of a fallen monarch." Today, those avenues are crowded with traffic and lined with shops, offices and hotels. The city has developed without any apparent plan; heaven knows what would have befallen it had Chulalongkorn not enjoyed those evening drives in his green electric car.

Two things that were said by fellow tourists struck me as being symptomatic. One man said, "You can see all of Bangkok in five days." The other said, "It's a fine place to visit, but I'd hate to live here." Nine years earlier, at the end of a ten-weeks' visit, I had thought, "I'm only just beginning to understand this city. If only I were the kind of person capable of settling somewhere, I'd love to settle here." And I am happy to say that I can still feel that. One of the best known Thais, Prince Chula, whose father but for a tragically early death would certainly have been king, and who after the revolution of 1932 built up an international reputation as a writer, traveler and sportsman, died in 1963; but his palace is still maintained and his English widow visits Bangkok with her daughter annually. During this last visit of mine her birthday was being celebrated and I was invited to the ceremony. It was a small intimate occasion, only about a dozen guests. We arrived at half-past ten in the morning. The ceremony had already started. On a raised platform seven Buddhist priests in their saffron robes were seated with crossed legs, chanting a series of prayers. They held between their hands, as a symbol of unity, a piece of thick string. A kind of altar-throne had been fixed at one end of the platform, in front of which was a framed photograph of the Princess. The head priest made a sign that he would like the photograph brought forward. He sprinkled it with lustral water; then he sprinkled the guests. The stretch of string was rolled back onto its ball. The ceremony was ended. The priests were now at liberty to proceed to the dining room. It was eleven o'clock.

While they ate, the rest of us walked down the lawn to the terrace that ran along the river. Facing us was a broad, tributary stream, crowded with launches, barges and small craft, by which, a week earlier, after a guided tour of the floating market, I had de-

(Continues on page 245)

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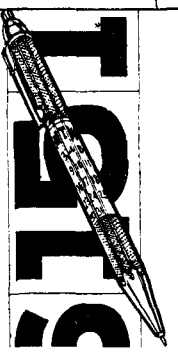

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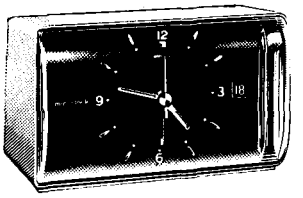

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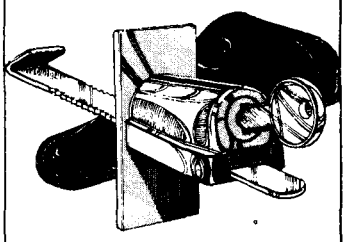

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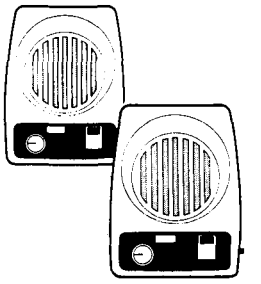

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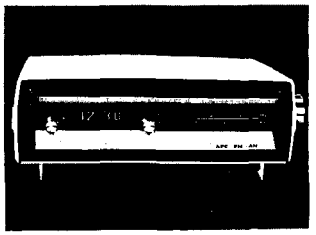

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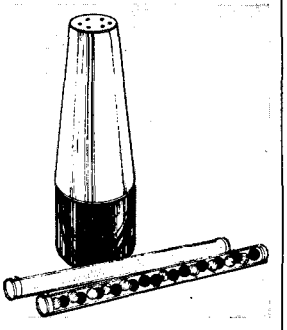

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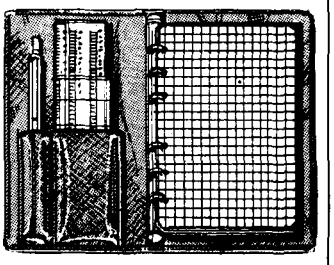

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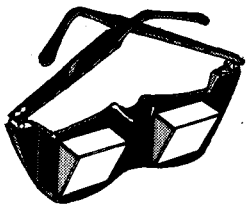

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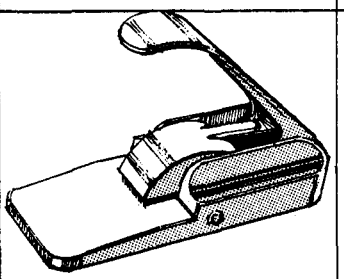

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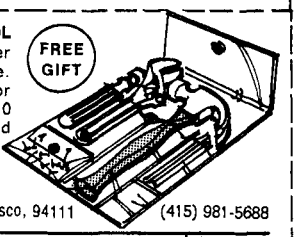

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BRENNAN

(cont. from p. 231)

ping and toe-tapping to the strains of "When the Saints Go Marching In." Perhaps, in her dotage, she has become reconciled to the new way of doing things and spends her evenings shortening the hems of her habits.

It is said that changes in ceremony are necessary if the Church is to remain in contact with the teen-agers and the college set. Those of us who are beyond that age feel that it could be more appropriate for the clergy to lead rather than cater to the current whims of a giddy stratum of society. To follow the present thoughts on the matter to a logical conclusion one may rest assured that very young children would enjoy the Mass much more if the celebrant were dressed as Bozo the Clown. Perhaps pot could be mixed with the incense or LSD in the Holy Water so that more hippies would be attracted. But let us disregard this suggestion. The Church is in enough trouble without having the Narcos stage a raid at the 11:30. □

WAUGH

(cont. from p. 242)

bouched into the Memam River. Two Bangkoks were in fact facing one another, the tourist Bangkok, its launches piled with the packages that had brought into the country the hard currency that its economy required, and the traditional Bangkok of the saffron-robed priests who were paying tribute to the widow of a royal person. Neither was conscious of the existence of the other, yet each was complementary to the other.

The priests had by now finished their meal. It was close to midday, after which they could take no nourishment. They returned to the platform; the family and guests sat facing them, and the ritual of the gifts began. To each priest in turn was handed a plate laden with joss sticks, lotus flowers, fruit and an envelope containing money. If the plate was presented by a man, the priest could take it with his own hands; if by a woman, he placed a cloth in front of him and the plate was set on it. When the last gift was made, the priests rose and took their leave; the family and guests went down on their knees before them.

In that ceremony lay for me the reassurance that the Bangkok I had loved so long would remain itself in essence. The nationals of a country are a constant factor. We love or do not love a country because its cities, its hills are theirs, the manifest symbol of their history, their tastes, their beliefs, their climate. Bangkok has been so much loved because it is the expression of the Thais themselves, of their lightheartedness, one might say indeed frivolity; their love of beauty, their extravagance, their reverence for tradition, coupled with their need for freedom; these are characteristics that are constant and continuing. Bangkok may not be as comfortable as it was; but then what city is? Certainly London and New York are not. But I believe that anyone who spent two months there today under circumstances which permitted him to meet the Thais themselves, would say, as I did, when his time came to go—"How happy I would be to make a home here." □

GREENWAY

(cont. from p. 228)

successful agriculturists, but what farming is done on the Ute reservation is done by hired white labor.

You ask me to plow the ground! [said Smohalla, a Columbia Basin leader] Shall I take a knife and tear my mother's bosom? Then when I die she will not take me to her bosom to rest.

"You ask me to dig for stone! Shall I dig under her skin for her bones? Then when I die I can not enter her body to be born again.

"You ask me to cut grass and make hay and sell it, and be rich like white men! But how dare I cut off my mother's hair?"

—Hartley Burr Alexander, *The World's Rim: Great Mysteries of the North American Indian*

A random deskload of books all arguing the profundity of American guilt in our injustice to the Indians, and a class of students confusing American immolation with Nazi atrocities suggests a situation worth observing for the sheer insanity of it. How far can it all go? Will the 22 million Negroes in the United States sue the Government for all that free labor before 1865? Will the descendants of Adam enter a claim against the United States (God being safely dead) for their ancestor's unjust expulsion from the Garden? Will Sioux citizen William Hawk succeed in his incredible compensation claim against the government for wounding his uncle, Gall, the Hunkpapa chief, when Gall led his warriors against Custer at Little Big Horn? Will the Americans ever find out where to go to surrender for the crime of being Americans? Not even the Indians are safe from the implicit absurdities of the claims game. A year ago, a suit was filed in federal court in Denver, Colorado, against the United States and its derivative usurpers, *including* the Indians, by 28 descendants of early Mexican grant holders. This deprived minority claims all of California, Utah, Oregon, Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, and Oklahoma, and parts of Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Minnesota, New Mexico, Florida, Texas, Arizona, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Maryland, Virginia, Washington, and Idaho. Their lawyer, a former United States Attorney for Colorado, is no ordinary nut. A practical and reasonable man, he has indicated a willingness to settle with the United States, the Indians and the Civil Rights Commission for one trillion dollars. □

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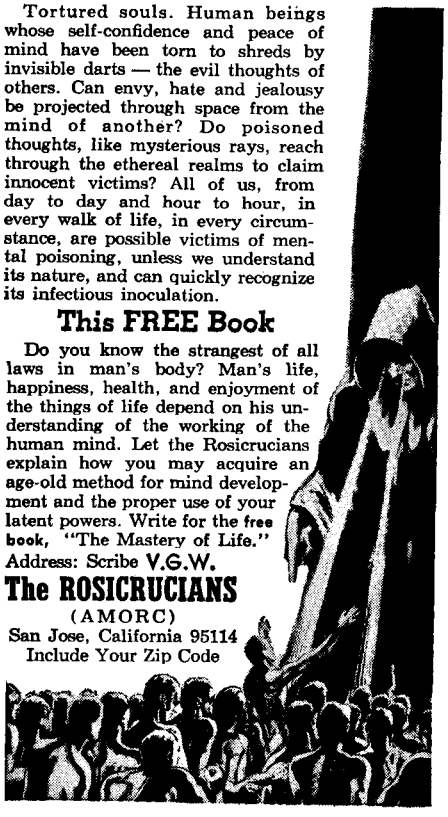

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Poor Jerry, Bad Tom!

On The Right

New York, Feb. 26—Poor Jerry Rubin. He is the leader of the Yippies, who had such fun in Chicago last summer, and now the pigs are threatening to send him to jail. He has accordingly taken his case to the *New York Review of Books*, the last court of appeal for highbrow screwballs. Rubin isn't highbrow, but he uses enough four-letter words to make up for it, which fastidiously punctuate his manifesto, the message of which is that the young radical movement in America appears to be dead, that the forces of darkness are overtaking us, and that the symbol of all of this is his, Jerry's, imminent incarceration in Illinois.

Notwithstanding the heroics, the rodomontade, the kinky self-concern, the manifesto of Mr. Rubin is interesting. It seems to be saying that the gradual enforcement of the laws of the land is beginning to make itself felt in enough places in America to make a difference. Thus Rubin's lament: "Huey Newton is in prison. Eldridge Cleaver is in exile. Tim Leary is up for thirty years. Spock faces two years in the pen. Campus activists are expelled and arrested. War resisters are behind bars. Add it up."

Indeed, add it up? I mean, what is the world coming to when murderers are put in prison, paroled rapists leave the country, drug peddlers are detained, seditionists are accosted, and students who try to close up the schools sent home to learn better manners?

IT ISN'T ONLY Jerry Rubin who sees the lowering clouds. Dr. William Coffin, Yale University chaplain convicted for encouraging students to defy the law, sees, in the words of an interviewer in the *Yale Daily News*, "the possibility of repression of the Left." Accordingly, and mark this well, "he advised students not to turn in their draft cards now." Who says that the law is unavailing? A year ago, before his conviction, Dr. Coffin was urging precisely that. There are no noticeable differences in the moral quality of the war in Vietnam then and now. But Dr. Coffin is being careful. . . .

Indeed Jerry Rubin is very much aware of Dr. Coffin's retreat. He does not mention him by name. What he says is, "The intellectual community was paralyzed by fear. . . . Some of the Boston Five tried to beat the rap, reinterpreting their actions into meaninglessness. Where was that moral confrontation with authority that Paul Goodman once spoke about?"

But then, having so grandly drawn the martyr's robe about himself, to distinguish between the brummagem heroism of the Coffins and the unalloyed quality of his own material, Rubin stumbles into Coffinism only a half dozen paragraphs later where he talks about how the police busted his apartment in New York on June 13 and "arrested me for alleged possession of three ounces of marijuana." In between, he drones on about how everybody under thirty smokes pot. Now his possession of it is suddenly "alleged." Like Coffin's alleged defiance of the law a year ago.

That isn't all. The FBI have apparently been recording his speeches and the Chicago police planted an infiltrator in Rubin's outfit, and now they have come out with the charge that Rubin is guilty of "solicitation to commit mob action," and for this he will in due course be tried. Again, Rubin's scattermindedness must be the despair of his lawyers, because elsewhere in his jeremiad he talks about how beautiful it used to be. "Check out the original hippie-digger poetry and manifestos. Euphoria, overflowing optimism and expectation of immediate success. Wow, I can still get high on it. Three years ago we were going to overthrow Washington from Telegraph Avenue." The man who organized the siege of the Pentagon is horrified by the prospect of being prosecuted for solicitation to mob action.

The term "repression" is being used tendentiously by the Left, which seeks to invest it with fascistic overtones. In fact repression is exactly what we need, repression of those who wake up every morning and decide which laws they are going to obey, which to disobey. Repression is exactly what a healthy society needs against its aggression. Why should Washington be overthrown from Telegraph Avenue? Who voted for Telegraph Avenue? Meanwhile, let them cry for the loss of Rubin's America who feel that America is missing something by being ruled by the voters, the courts, the Congress, and such Presidents as Johnson and Nixon, instead of being ruled by Fidel Castro, whose picture hangs on the wall of Jerry Rubin's apartment. □

'MARCH 4—MIT' *New York*, Feb. 22—The buttons you will be seeing that say "March 4—MIT" are the latest frolic of the academic set. They want everyone connected with an academy with which the United States Government has any connection, which is to say just about every academy, to conduct a "research stoppage" on March 4 to protest the government's use of academic facilities for military or paramilitary purposes. The immediate victim is the thin anti-ballistics missile system which President Johnson authorized and which his successor is now revaluating. The professors want us to forego the ABM system and, instead, spend a like amount of money, or preferably more, on social programs.

NOW ONE NEED NOT approve the ABM system (I for instance do not) in order to marvel at the methodological anarchy of these professors who, as usual, lead the republic in thoughtlessness. The question whether to have an ABM system or more public housing or less taxation is answered by a value judgment. It is derived from a consideration of pooled scientific knowledge, strategical calculation, diplomatic guesswork and a dozen or so variables which, in a free society, are finally examined not by the technicians who make the blueprints for anti-ballistics missiles, but by a complicated decision-making process which begins with the voters and ends in Congress and with the Chief Executive.

For the professors to act like Aristophanes' women, threatening to deny their services unless they have their

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own way, is a form of public blackmail which is anti-democratic in character and seditious in its implications. No one in his right mind would assume the authority to tell Professor Jones that he must devote his life to the development of a better missile with which to defend, should the need arise, America's rich and poor from atomic attack. Let him by all means, if his conscience so directs him, devote his energy to developing a superior mousetrap for use in the nation's slums. But he has only the limited rights of the evangelist. He may preach the moral superiority of his value judgment, but he may not attempt to obstruct contradictory judgments arrived at by the public mechanisms of the free society. Suppose that everyone who voted for Senator Goldwater had, on the morning after, bobbed up with the button "Remember Goldwater—1965" the meaning of which was to call for massive resistance to the law, on the grounds that different laws would have been passed under a Goldwater Administration.

"Among the goals of the professors at MIT," says a *New York Times* dispatch, "is the discontinuance of academic credit for work done in defense-oriented laboratories." We see, finally, what the goal has been all along. A few weeks ago Yale University suddenly discovered, after about forty years, that there was an insufficient body of knowledge in its ROTC program which therefore would no longer be offered for academic credit. Now it may very well be that considering the way ROTC was being taught at Yale, that in fact was the proper judgment, altogether admirable in an age where colleges are drifting toward the utilitarian and vocational disciplines. But the trouble is you can't really trust the gentlemen of the Yale faculty to render a disinterested verdict.

THE DISCOVERY and development of the atomic bomb was certainly a government-financed, defense-oriented activity, but one would surely hesitate to suggest that Albert Einstein and Enrico Fermi and Robert Oppenheimer were engaged in other than thoroughbred academic activity. . . . But who knows, who knows—who would be willing nowadays to bet that a meeting of the faculty at Yale, or at MIT, or at Berkeley, might not disqualify such activity as academically disoriented and therefore intolerable?

What do the gentlemen want? The government to start its own colleges and universities? Would we really be better off breeding a class of government-scientists unexposed to the leavening influences of the humanities, such of them as survive in the nation's colleges and universities? Do they really believe we would then be better off? Because that is exactly what is going to happen if the militants have their way.

The people of the United States are not going to repeal that part of the Constitution which vests the government with the authority to protect the republic against its enemies foreign and domestic, because the faculty of MIT think we should spend more money on the slums and less on defense. They'll just hire their own scientists, many of whom by the way would come on over from MIT, and everyone will be worse off. Which, sometimes, one has the feeling would be the only state of affairs the university ideologues would truly welcome. □

REFLECTIONS ON THE SIRHAN TRIAL

New York, Feb. 28—It is not to be in contempt of court to muse about the ludicrous aspects of the Sirhan trial, carefully withholding any necessarily uninformed opinion on the question whether Sirhan was sane or insane when he killed Robert Kennedy. Even that much we are permitted by legal protocol to say only because Sirhan's lawyer has recited the ritual lines: "There is no doubt . . . that [Sirhan] did, in fact, fire the shot that killed Senator Kennedy." From Emile Zola Berman, that is a considerable concession, and he must have made it sound like Bertrand Russell grandly conceding the divinity of Christ. Because, of course, the next step is to persuade the jury that Sirhan's responsibility for firing that shot is no greater than, say, yours, or mine. All of which prompts a few reflections:

1. Isn't the whole thing approaching farce? On September 6, 1901, Leon Czolgosz shot President William McKinley. Less than two months later Czolgosz died in the electric chair. I am not here arguing for capital punishment, but reflecting that Leon Czolgosz would very likely still be alive if our courts were operating then as they operate today; and, conversely, if they operated today as they operated then, over six months would have gone by since the execution of Sirhan Sirhan late last July.

2. An aspect of what we are now permitting is not merely the almost infinite elongation between the time of the murder and the execution of the sentence, but something very like a special kind of legal sanctuary for the killer of the very big man—for the magnicide, as he is sometimes called. You may be young, and impoverished, and lacking altogether in influence, but if you will slaughter somebody extremely important—a Kennedy, or a Martin Luther King—you will be defended by the very best people around. Suggesting an interesting phenomenon, the Law of Inverse Hazard for the Killing of Important People.

3. Capital punishment, let us face it, is a dead letter. If tomorrow the Supreme Court abolished it on the ground that it has become unusual punishment, not even the John Birch Society could fault the Court's reasoning. There were no executions last year, only one the year before, and a half dozen the year before that, notwithstanding that the population of the death houses is at an all-time high. The Sirhan trial, under existing law, requires the authorities of the State of California to insist that Sirhan premeditated the death of Senator Kennedy and that therefore he earned the death penalty, as prescribed by California law. But even if the prosecution convinces the jury, what would happen? Would Sirhan go to the gas chamber? Not a chance. Because,

4. The techniques of gluing up the mechanisms of justice are so highly refined that almost everybody gets into the act, conspiring to make the killer's approach to the chair an asymptotic curve. Even if, in Sirhan's senility, the last judge on earth, plus the World Court at The Hague, approved the sentence, what would the governor of California do? Would he permit himself to send Kennedy's killer to the gas chamber, when he hasn't sent John Doe's killer to the chamber? That would be undemocratic, he would reason—as indeed it would be, even if we cautiously observe that to be undemocratic is not necessarily the supreme offense (Israel was altogether undemocratic in suspending its anti-capital punishment law in order to hang Mr. Eichmann).

5. Certain reforms can only be made by conservatives, others only by liberals. Only liberals, for instance, are likely to succeed in, say, decreasing taxes for the very rich. Only conservatives are likely to succeed in reforming the law to the apparent advantage of the killer, i.e. by abolishing capital punishment.

To abolish capital punishment, incidentally, is not necessarily to come out in theoretical opposition to capital punishment. It is altogether consistent to approve of capital punishment conceived as the all but automatic punishment for anyone who kills somebody else, and at the same time advocate the repeal of existing capital punishment laws on the grounds that their formalistic survival is a net disadvantage to the processes of justice. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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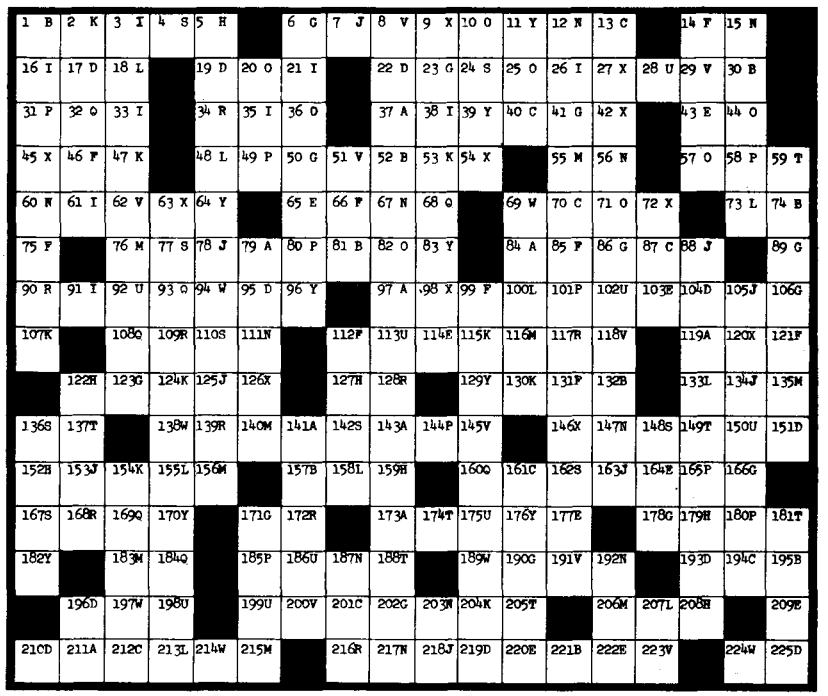
Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (below) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring ring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in below, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 242 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.



DEFINITIONS

A. A plant of the Philippines, used as a febrifuge and an emetic — 37 143 211 119 173 79 97 141 84

B. A crop planted by a tenant that matures after his tenancy expires (hyph.) — 81 74 157 132 1 52 221 195 30

C. The farthest point to which a railroad's rails have been laid — 87 194 212 161 70 13 201 40

D. A dealer in cigars, cigarettes, etc. — 95 17 22 104 151 193 196 210 219 225 19

E. A footprint — 164 220 114 222 43 177 103 209 65

F. An apparatus by means of which vibrations of the singing voice will produce flower-pictures on a membrane covered with colored dust — 112 121 14 66 99 46 75 131 85

G. These sometimes necessitate postponement of rainmaking activities (2 wds.) — 123 86 89 106 171 178 202 41 166 190 6 23 50

H. Embarrassing or inconvenient — 127 179 5 208 122 152 159

I. Pertaining to or inducing peace and forgetfulness — 26 21 91 3 16 33 35 38 61

J. Pertaining to or affected by effusion of serous fluid into the interstices of cells in tissue spaces or other body cavities — 134 218 7 163 153 105 78 125 88

K. A Persian religious teacher, fl. sixth century before Christ — 204 115 2 124 130 107 154 47 53

L. A parasitic plant organism living within the body of its host — 213 158 18 207 100 48 133 73 155

M. A camera for making facsimile copies of documents, drawings, etc — 140 206 183 76 55 156 116 135 215

N. "Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine _____ often _____." — 147 12 56 60 67 111 187 192 203 217 15

O. Publius' position on Melita (Malta), according to Paul (2 wds.) — 10 20 25 36 44 57 71 82

P. Not yielding readily to treatment, as a disease — 101 31 80 144 49 165 180 185 58

Q. An actor who errs or blunders while delivering his lines — 184 169 32 108 160 68 93

R. A membranous fold attaching various organs to the body wall — 216 90 128 117 168 34 139 109 172

S. The group of atoms in a molecule that brings about the specific activity of the substance — 4 136 24 110 148 77 167 142 162

T. To lower in spirits — 59 174 149 181 205 137 188

U. Presence in the blood of bacterial toxins — 175 102 186 150 199 198 113 28 92

V. An arthropod of the order Chilopoda that has a pair of legs to each body segment — 191 223 29 51 62 118 200 8 145

W. Young children — 224 197 189 94 214 69 138

X. One of the Psalms (hyph.) — 72 9 27 42 45 54 63 98 120 126 146

Y. Remembering chiefly the impressions made on the organs of sight (hyph.) — 182 170 64 129 11 176 39 96 83

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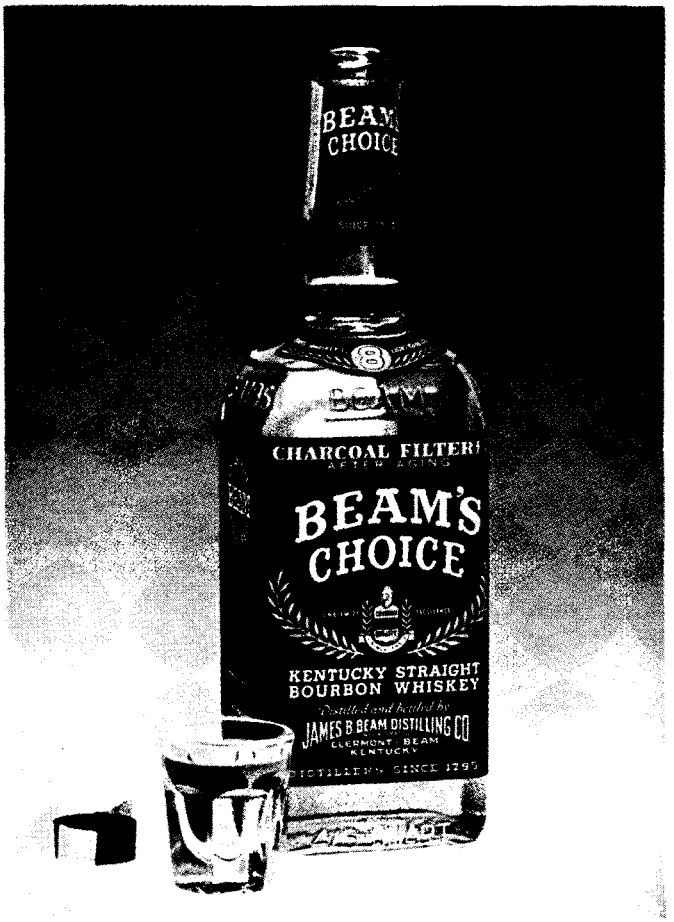
And that, as any connoisseur will tell you, is just about the most evil thing you can do.



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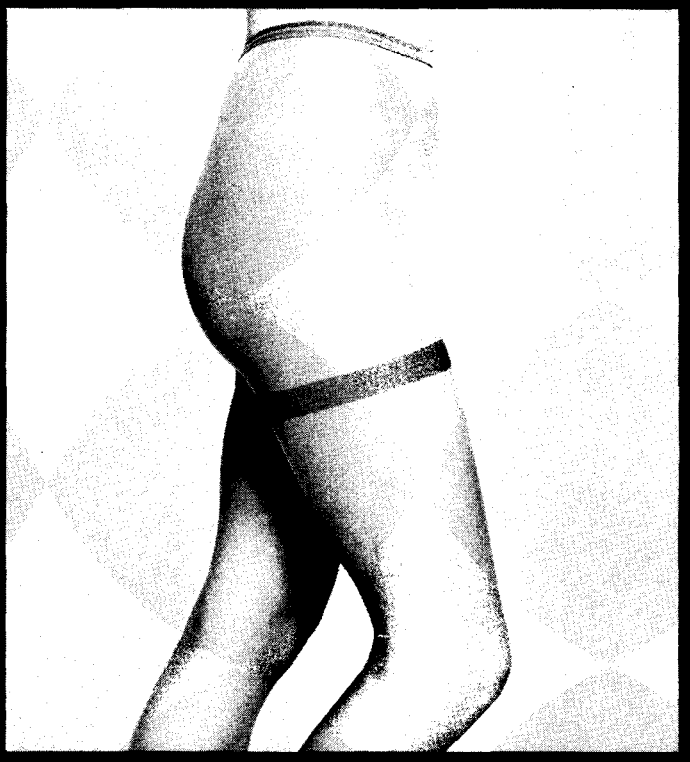

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